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Mostly about People

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THE SHIP OF A THOUSAND SAILS

When America was the leading maritime nation of the world, this white-winged queen of the seas carried the American Flag to the four quarters of the world. The reproduction of this beautiful picture is timely, for, when the thousands of ships now being constructed are turned into the channels of commerce, America will again be the leading maritime nation of the world.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

DURING the hot days of August, the House and Senate recessed, so to speak, holding sessions on but two days a week. This was a relief to those who had political fences which needed repairing, for the best time for such repair is during the harvest days—farmer constituents are likely to be better natured then. The Ways and Means Committee struggled along valiantly, driving ahead and somehow meeting the necessities of ever-expanding war expenditures.

The usual colloquy in the Senate became more of a soliloquy. Whatever the subject of the discourse might be in the beginning, the wind-up was always "the war." That James Hamilton Lewis, and his colleague, L. K. Sherman of Illinois, were both heard to agree on a proposition, more than that, spoke together on the same subject, was an evidence of elasticity and tolerance even among political opponents.

As the mercury climbed, no one stayed in the Capital unless of necessity. In the old days, the President usually lead officialdom's summer exodus; but this year it was not until the middle of August that Woodrow Wilson left Washington for a brief respite on Massachusetts' North Shore.

Colonel House had been in Magnolia for many weeks, and what more natural than that the President should take the "house next door!" On his arrival, he drove thru Boston and along the shore road, not *incognito*, but unrecognized—his

coming was entirely unheralded. The vicinity about Magnolia was efficiently guarded, by air, land and water, during his residence there.

*The Second Big War Film
"America's Answer"*

IN a darkened Boston theater I first witnessed the film play, "America's Answer," which has recently been produced by the Committee on Public Information, under the direction of George Creel, and Mr. Hart, director. A fitting sequel to "Pershing's Crusaders," the picture was viewed with interested eyes. It is a triumph of reality, for one can almost hear the boom of the cannon as the earth is thrown up by the Hun shells.

The music is by S. L. Rophafael, is sympathetic and appropriately arranged for each scene. The manoeuvres of the troops; our soldiers being decorated by the French, each receiving with the decoration a rousing smack on both cheeks; night in the dugout; a battalion in motion and the wonderful revelation of docks and construction work are sufficient to make every American feel prouder than ever of his country and the constructive genius that is so effectively supplementing the bravery of the soldiers at the front.

What wonderful times these are, to be sure! Think of a great government that can bring home to its people such pictures of the troops at the front, and concrete evidence of where and how their money is being expended. The scene showing



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A LARGE MAJORITY OF THE WAR CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

Practically all of the members of the House of Representatives are here shown standing on the steps of the Capitol. Speaker Clark and former Speaker Cannon are in the right center near the bottom of the steps, while Miss Jeannette Rankin, the only woman member, is in the center of the group.

Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s battalion and troops is a delicate and appreciative compliment to Colonel Roosevelt as the father of four valiant sons. Then there is shown the picture of smiling Lufberry, who lost his life.

From the airplanes in the clouds, to the sea's depths with the submarines, and all that intervenes in latitude and longitude of American effort is "America's Answer" to the Huns' challenge—an answer heartily reaffirmed by every American who witnessed this marvelous portrayal of Uncle Sam's activities in war times.

If the Committee on Public Information renders no other service than that which they have furnished thru the war films, they will be entitled to the grateful appreciation of the American people. It makes the government seem more as one of "by the people and for the people," because, when these United States films, taken by the Signal Corps and free from all the fantastic and miasmic imagination of merely commercial



Copyright, Harris & Ewing HON. FREDERICK HALE
United States Senator from Maine

films, are presented, one has a reassured feeling of confidence in America, whose answer thus revealed, is imperishably recorded in these films.

*Experience for
Senator Henderson*

AN interesting coincidence took place in the Senate when the newly-elected Senator of Nevada was called for the first time to preside over the Senate, hardly a week after taking his seat. It was this way: Senator Henderson was appointed to take Senator Newlands' place. Senator Newlands was chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Senator Ellison D. Smith succeeded Senator Newlands as chairman, and when Senator Henderson was put into the chair, Senator Smith was making his first report as chairman of the committee. In other words, Senator Henderson, who

succeeded Senator Newlands, was called upon to receive the report of the Committee on Interstate Commerce of which Senator Newlands was formerly chairman.

Senator Henderson is asked to preside over the Senate very often—oftener than falls to the lot of most new Senators. He made his maiden speech recently on the subject "Will the West Fight?" and showed that Nevada, a state almost as large as France, with a population of 110,000, had furnished nine times its quota to the army. Senator Henderson was proud of this, for he served as a lieutenant of Troop M of Torrey's Rough Riders during the Spanish-American war. He was regent of the University of Nevada for ten years before being appointed to the Senate.

*Senator Hale Says
Crush Germany*

FREDERICK HALE, United States Senator from Maine, is one of the young, forceful speakers of the upper house of Congress. He has a way of putting things that reveals the subject with startling clearness. In a recent speech in Boston just prior to the last session, he asked the question "What German victory means?" and then answered it:

"It means that no matter what terms Germany offers in the settlement of the war, she will be from now on the dominating controlling power in the world. Our only hope is to crush this mad dog of Europe while we are all in the fight, and crush her so she cannot rise again. If we don't, her enormous prestige as a military power will inevitably allow her to dominate the world."

Senator Frederick Hale is a worthy son and successor of his father, the late Senator Hale, of Maine, who was a power in the affairs of the government for years, along with Reed, Baline, and other legislative giants of a past decade.

*War Conditions Affect
Sight-Seeing*

THE guide business around the Capital is not so good as in former times. I am told by one of the veterans who has been taking parties thru the Capitol building for many years. No doubt the reason for this lies in the fact that Washington is so congested it cannot take care of touring parties satisfactorily at present.

The Senate and House galleries are no longer open to the public without special tickets of admission. Where formerly one could step in and quietly take his seat, he must now go to the sergeant-at-arms and be looked over before a ticket is issued.

The sergeant-at-arms also supplies five tickets a day to each Senator and the same to Congressmen. These they can give out to their constituents. Of course, if there is any party or more are needed, it is easy to obtain them by making application to the sergeant-at-arms.

*Justice Day
"Reminisces"*

I CANNOT imagine a more charming visit than I enjoyed at the home of Supreme Court Justice William R. Day, one Sunday evening in Washington. Up on the hill, in a beautiful white brick house, the Justice lives the quiet, orderly life of a Supreme Court Justice. Oh, yes, there is something in that high office that even permeates the great man's home—the house was orderly, the chairs orderly—for was this not the home of one of the twelve apostles of law, venerable popes of American jurisprudence, as it were, removed "far from the madding crowd?"

Justice Day—how can I best describe him in the mature years of his eventful life? Thin and spare of build, but enjoying rare good health after a period of serious illness, he seems to have come out on the other side of life to observe and lend sympathy and counsel to the nation he loves. Justice Day remembers the Civil War stress. He was a small lad in Ohio, and he recalled how the people of that state "rocked the boat" with a demand for peace after the war had been on less than a year. He wondered if we would have to face a similar discontent in our present great struggle. Not that it would alter matters—we must go thru to triumphant peace—but as an illustration of the changeable will of the people. He told of his

experiences when he served the nation in a similar crisis during the Spanish-American War as Secretary of State.

"Balfour, the same Balfour of England, was our friend in those days," he declared.

Justice Day spoke feelingly of President McKinley, of his remarkable personality and loveliness. He would never do

He laughed when the custom was explained, thinking that the poor little diplomat was probably as bored as himself.

The Justice told another story of William T. Stead's audience with the Czar of Russia (that title seems a dream of past ages today), when he violated all court customs by pulling out his watch and saying it was time he was going.

"When President Roosevelt first met the Kaiser face to face," went on the Justice, "Emperor Wilhelm greeted him with the remark, 'I have just an hour to give you.' Roosevelt pulled out his watch quick as a flash, 'Sorry, sorry, but I cannot stay so long. I have only twenty minutes to give you.' It was tit for tat, with the odds in favor of Teddy. The indomitable Colonel considered court etiquette dismissal insufferable, and pulling his watch, was ready to defend himself from a dreary hour with the divine Kaiser. They admired each other much before they met—but when Roosevelt saw around the gray eyes of the Kaiser the vein of yellow which might indicate the tigerish impulse of the tyrant, he generously allowed the imperial nabob one-third of the time the royal ruler had designated.

*The Speaker Comments
on Paper's Uses*

THERE was a time," drawled Speaker Champ Clark, "when I wore a paper collar." The Speaker is expansive when in a reminiscent mood. "They were ten cents a box," he continued, "and the boxes contained a dozen collars, making the cost less than a cent. The boys used to wear them in defiance of laundry bills. Now I see that paper is coming into its own again."

And he's right. The paper can has surely come to stay. Formerly used only for perishable food stuffs, it had no virtue



MR. JUSTICE DAY OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

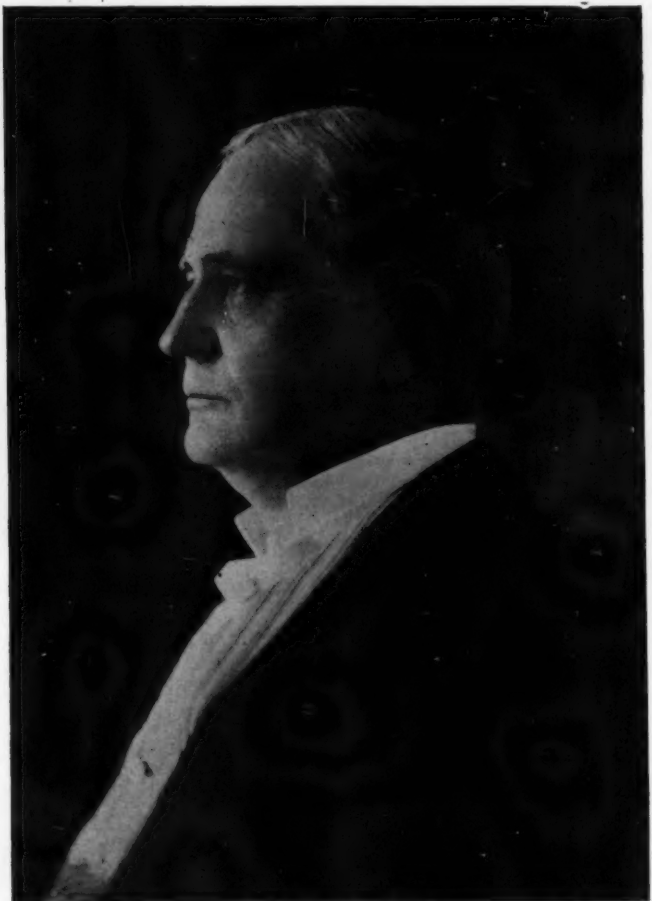
anything that would hurt anybody's feelings if he could possibly help it, said the Justice, telling an amusing story to illustrate.

President McKinley, upon assuming his executive duties, had not been informed that he would be expected to indicate when an interview with a foreign diplomat was at an end; in other words it was required, according to court etiquette, that the caller should remain until dismissed by the President.

On one occasion, shortly after he had taken up his duties, an ambassador arranged to call to see the President for a few minutes one evening. He came about eight o'clock; the matter on hand was soon disposed of, and the gentle McKinley made himself an agreeable host, but wondered why the visitor did not take his leave. Nine, ten o'clock came, and finally eleven, and still there seemed no way out.

Finally, in sheer desperation, the President arose from his chair and stretched. It was the signal—the first indication that the eager and embarrassed diplomat could really interpret as a sign of dismissal, and he graciously accepted it.

Speaking of it to his friends next day, McKinley said: "I thought he would never go."



HON. CHAMP CLARK

Renominated as Speaker of the House of Representatives by both Republicans and Democrats

of permanence, but today, by impregnation with certain oils, it can be made sufficiently airtight to keep food products in prime condition. Sanitation laws specify paper containers and the products of pulp will aid greatly in conserving tin and metal so much needed for war materials. The same medium

used for the dissemination of public intelligence, will be now generally utilized to put into practice and maintain the ideals of the printed word.

Adjusting Liberty Bond Difficulties

THE more government bonds and securities sold, the more come back in shreds or ashes for redemption. With nearly ten million investors, hundreds of cases are put up to the Treasury Department every day.

Charred remains of a burned bond can be redeemed by issue of another bond where there is no possibility that any part of the security not returned would be sufficient as basis for another claim. The parts of a torn bond, also under the same restriction, can be redeemed.

An Illinois bank returned the ashes of ten \$500 Liberty Loan bonds of the second issue, as well as those of \$4,382 in burned

with the belief that the wounded and sick soldier shall have the opportunity to return to civil life capable of pursuing a career of usefulness. This will enable him to enjoy the freedom and happiness afforded by world-wide democracy for which he has given his all."

Herbert Kaufman's contribution entitled "Not Charity, but a Chance," emphasizes the purpose for which *Carry On* is issued.

"Few questions," he writes, "demand more insistent attention than this matter of maimed folk. Europe is permanently injuring a million men annually, but not *disabling* them—with negligible exceptions, these victims of battle can be restored to self-support.

"The staggering cost of maintaining such a multitude at state expense has forced society to consider ways and means of applying their remaining efficiency to suitable tasks.

"We repudiate the callous conviction of recent pasts, that amputation cuts off opportunity; we dissent from the cruel prejudice which hitherto sequestered the blind in depressing asylums, or the communal un-economy which sentenced them to the beggar's hand-organ and tin cup.

"All that is done with, and with it must go unworthy, primitive abhorrence and debasing pity.

"We're going to put these people where they belong: where their sound energies and sturdy intelligence can be turned to mutually profitable account.

"A missing foot is not a drawback for a desk responsibility. One hand or two play no part in the exercise of superintendence. Imagination needs no eyes; it has a thousand. There are few heights prohibited to those who can find ideas in the dark.

"The vital reconstruction is not for the surgeons—they'll do their bit, never fear.

"We, the stay-at-homes, the sons and brothers of scarred and marred men sacrificing their persons, writhing in agony for our sakes—mangled in defense of our wealths and liberties—holding the gate against barbarism—we must be reconstructed, *too*—must reconstruct our impulses—must loose the Tarpeian Rock attitude toward the crippled—must learn to measure the worth

of a fellow by his enterprise and capacity and give him the preference at every post and in every engagement—if he can deliver the goods.

"A civilization that won't do its duty by its defenders isn't worth fighting for; prepare to prove that *this* one is. They don't want your charity—they demand their chance."

*Frederick The Great
Among the Missing*

VISITORS to Washington nowadays note the vacant space in front of the United States War College, where formerly stood the bronze statue of Frederick The Great, the Kaiser's gift to America in 1904. A constant eyesore to government officials and passersby, at the hint of President Wilson it has been interned, along with other enemy aliens, and will gather dust in the war college basement until further orders.

This incident calls to mind that the only other statue to be removed by the United States, as a measure of popular disapproval, was during the Revolution when George III—another German by the way—was melted into bullets in New York. Which would suggest that perhaps Frederick might serve a like purpose.

*Appropriation
for Housing*

OTTO M. EIDLITZ, the director of housing, has been rushing a \$50,000,000 appropriation thru Congress to give decent shelter to American workmen at war factories. Bridgeport, Philadelphia, Chester, Newport News, Wilmington



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THE COUNTRY'S RECORD W. S. S. BOOTH

Located in the main entrance of the Treasury Department, more than eight hundred thousand dollars worth of stamps have been sold here since the campaign began. Some of the sales have been made thru other branches of the Treasury to local banks and department stores, but they all "cleared" thru this booth. Most of the individual buyers are Treasury employees. The booth is in charge of Miss Ivy M. Wentworth, who is shown making a sale

paper currency. The bonds will be redeemed, as the redemption division of the office of the Treasury was enabled to determine their numbers and face value, and enough remained to justify full credit.

In another instance the torn scraps of a \$100 Liberty Loan bond of the first issue were returned. The bond had been stolen and the torn parts recovered on the street where they had apparently been cast aside after mutilation. This bond carried three sheets of coupons; with the exception of the first sheet of coupons, the rest of the bond was pieced together. The value of the missing coupons, however, was not replaced. People who have invested in government securities are warned that they must take proper care of them.

*Welcome to
'Carry On'*

IN the office of Surgeon General Gorgas is being edited a little magazine on a big subject—the reconstruction of disabled soldiers and sailors. *Carry On* is the name of the publication, which is filled with articles of informative and inspirational value.

The editorial and advisory boards contain names well known in the medical, business and literary world, and the first number, dated June, 1918, is introduced by General Gorgas as follows:

"The Medical Department of the army will 'carry on' in the medical and training treatment of the disabled soldier until he is cured, or as nearly cured, as his disabilities permit. We shall try to do our part in his restoration to health efficiently,

and Erie are some of the cities where the need is most pressing, and the various Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade have been unable to meet the situation. Under Mr. Eidlitz's plan each community would be obliged to raise twenty per cent of the necessary outlay and apply to his department for the remaining eighty per cent, on a fifteen-year loan based on proper security. The plan is modeled somewhat after the

clerk twenty cents to launder his B. V. D's. Five hundred appointments were made without examinations in emergency cases, for the first time in the history of the commission.

*Food Shipments to
Our Allies*

THE statistical report rendered the President by Food Administrator Hoover, summarizing the shipments of foodstuffs from the United States to the Allied countries during the fiscal year just closed evidences a gratifying increase. The total value of these food shipments amounts to approximately \$1,400,000,000.

Shipments of meats and fats, including meat products, dairy products, vegetable oils, etc., to Allied destinations were as follows:

Fiscal year 1916-17.....	2,166,500,000 pounds
Fiscal year 1917-18.....	3,011,100,000 pounds
Increase.....	844,600,000 pounds

In cereals and cereal products our shipments to our Allies have been:

Fiscal year 1916-17.....	259,900,000 bushels
Fiscal year 1917-18.....	340,800,000 bushels
Increase.....	80,900,000 bushels

In conclusion Mr. Hoover, in acknowledgement of the many sacrifices made by the American people during the past year, wrote:

These figures, however, do not fully convey the volume of effort and sacrifice made during the past year by the whole American people. Despite the magnificent effort of our agricultural population in planting a much increased acreage in 1917, not only was there a very large failure in wheat, but also the corn failed to mature properly and our corn is our dominant crop. We calculate that the total nutritional production of the country for the fiscal year just closed was between seven



LIEUTENANT THOMAS R. DARDEN

Who is now bossing four tanks on the French front, is credited by a Washington editorial writer with being the man who secured a commutation allowance for United States officers away from Washington, thus making it possible for field officers to maintain their families as well as officers stationed in Washington. Darden was a newspaper man before he joined the service, and it occurred to him that the best way to right a wrong in the Army was to go to Secretary Baker with it. He did and the Secretary immediately recommended the necessary legislation to Congress.

British, and is expected to solve a serious problem in the labor situation of industrial centers. The house will be built under plans and standards of the government, with all requirements of recreation. In addition, the workers will have opportunity to purchase their houses if they desire, on easy terms, thus further permanentizing the economic development of the several communities.

*H. C. of L. Problems
in Washington*

THE Civil Service Commission has been confronted with problems arising out of the high cost of living and the tremendous increase in clerical pay rolls. In a report recently filed, it was shown that for every five helpers Uncle Sam had in 1916, he had ten and more in 1917, or a doubled clerical force in one year. It was not an easy job to supply these positions. Many of the applicants and appointees for various posts found Uncle Sam's pay too meager to accept his positions when the appointments were offered. A mighty good salary somewhere else doesn't go very far in Washington where it costs the poor



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MISS DORA E. THOMPSON

As superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, her chief war duty is the recruiting of twenty-five thousand trained women, the least number which can care for the million men now training in arms. Both the Army and the Navy maintain a separate nurse corps. Miss Thompson has entire supervision of the corps under direction of Surgeon General Gorgas.

per cent and nine per cent below the average of the three previous years, our nutritional surplus for export in those years being about the same.

I am sure that all the millions of our people, agricultural as well as urban, who have contributed to these results should feel a very definite satisfaction that in a year of universal food shortages in the northern hemisphere all of those people joined together against Germany have come thru into sight of the coming harvest, not only with health and strength fully maintained, but with only temporary periods of hardship. The European Allies have been compelled to sacrifice more than our own people, but we have not failed to load every steamer since the delays of the storm months last winter. Our contributions to this end could not have been accomplished without effort and sacrifice, and it is a matter for further satisfaction that it has been accomplished voluntarily and individually. It is difficult to distinguish between various sections of our people—the homes, public eating places food trades, urban or agricultural populations—in assessing credit for these results, but no one will deny the dominant part of the American women.

Warren of Wyoming
a Worker

SENATOR Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, spent the greater portion of the Congressional recess in Washington hard at work in his office and in the Military Affairs Committee room upon problems connected with the great war, altho many of his colleagues "flew away" on the day the recess resolution was agreed to in the Senate. The Senator is not only a hard worker, but is ever loyal to the needs of his state and the country at large; a truly hundred-per-cent-plus American, whose experience and knowledge of big affairs mean much to all of our people at this time.

Insurance for the
Country's Defenders

THE war risk insurance figures begin to sound like a liberty loan. In three months it exceeded by one billion dollars the oldest life insurance company in America which has been doing business for seventy-five years, and the total now is within reach of the four-billion mark. It's a slow day when applications for ten thousand policies do not come floating in, and each one of these averages more than eight thousand dollars each. William C. DeLanoy director of this bureau has no "workless days." It is expected that eventually every soldier in uniform will be insured.

The Red Man
and the War

CATO SELLS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, has made an interesting report on the activity of the Red Man in the war needs of America. The first two Liberty Loan "drives" netted more than \$10,000,000 from the Indian race, which is a per capita subscription of thirty or forty dollars for all Indians in the United States. If all Americans would equal this record of the original Americans, the bond issues would have been vastly over-subscribed.



VIEW OF THE BARTHOLOMEW FOUNTAIN, SHOWING WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

Red Cross work among the women of the Indian race is carried on with the real spirit of American womanhood. Six young Indian girls, after excellent training, have been assigned to hospital work abroad. Thirty thousand Indian pupils are adding their mite and doing their bit in this great American



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MRS. ANNA THOMPSON

Chairman of athletics and military drill leader of a band of women employees of the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, who drill in uniform in a Washington gymnasium. During the summer, this drill corps attracted attention by their military precision and attractive appearance, as they drilled in the city parks

movement. In one far western city, the Red Cross banner is displayed in every home on the reservation—one hundred per cent for the cause of Red Cross.

It is estimated that more than five thousand Indians are in the military service of the United States in various capacities. Of this number eighteen hundred are in the army and three hundred in the navy, and of this number sixteen hundred entered by enlistment and six hundred by conscription. In every way the Indian military status is on the level with that of the white man, and the brain and soul of him whose ancestor dwelt in this land, the existence of which the white man never dreamed, is finding inspiration in their service for the flag today. He is stepping to the drum beat of democracy.

The "War Mothers"
of America

AND still another organization among the patriotic women of America is on the way. Mrs. Alice M. French, "War Mother of Indiana," is the "mother of the idea" and has visited Washington with the hope of getting Congress to adopt some scheme whereby a "war mother" will be appointed in each state, to take charge of organizing other war mothers in her own state, and that these war mothers all over the country may work together.

Mrs. French is the first "war mother," having been appointed by the food administration of Indiana to take charge of organizing her work until there is a branch of the war mother's organization in every county in Indiana. The

war mothers observe all meatless and wheatless days, and in many other ways co-operate with the Government in measures to help win the war.

*Work of the Alien
Property Custodian*

A BUSY man in Washington these days is A. Mitchell Palmer. He has been seeking an amendment to the urgent deficiency bill giving him the right to sell enemy property taken over by his office and restore it to Americans. Power under the law is restricted now to cases where it is necessary to sell in order to prevent waste and protect property. The proposed amendments will extend this power and make it possible for the alien property custodian to convert into cash enemy interests in this country. There



GENERAL ISMAEL MONTES

is no thought of changing the ordinary investment in America of the enemy subject residing in enemy territory. Such investments will be continued, except when necessary to prevent waste or protect the property.

*Washington to Turn Its
Garbage Into Pork*

WITH so much talk about the "pork barrel" in Congress, it seems only natural that Washington should make an effort to establish a municipal hog farm.

But this is for real hogs, and the national capital, desirous of

setting a good example, is contemplating the purchase of a "few hogs" to eat up its garbage.

Commissioner Gardiner is favorable to the proposal that city garbage be turned over to farmers, and, even if the District should establish a hog farm, he would advocate farmers being permitted to use such portion of city refuse as they could be counted upon to haul away with regularity. In short, he believes the capital's waste material should be employed to the greatest extent possible in the production of an increased food supply. Everything helps, and a capital-fed hog ought to make capital eating.

*House Stenographer
"Got" "Billy" Sunday*

FRED IRLAND, dean of the House stenographers, is in receipt of a letter from "Billy" Sunday that he prizes very highly. "Billy" said that the reporter "got" his prayer which he delivered in the House of Representatives, perfect, and he had to "go some."

There were 619 words in the prayer. He prayed for two and one-half minutes, which is at the rate of slightly over 247 words per minute.

"Mr. Sunday is a fast talker," said Mr. Irland, "but he is not the most rapid speaker to talk from the floor of the House in my experience here, which covers twenty-seven years.

"The worst man to report in my experience was Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana. He used to talk at the rate of 230 words a minute, and keep it up for hours. And he spoke frequently, too.

"The greatest speed that I recall was attained by Congressman Metz, of New York. He delivered 250 words a minute, but his speeches were rarely over five minutes in length, and he did not speak often.

"The average rate of the House is about 150 words a minute, which means that the speeches will vary from 100 up to 225 words a minute. And, of course, the rate of a given man's delivery will vary with the intensity of his thought.

"President Wilson talks at about 115 words a minute. His enunciation is clear and his delivery steady. Speaker Clark is a deliberate talker, as was the late Speaker Reed."

The stenographic corps of the Congress of the United States is the model of legislative bodies all over the world. But, while the House of Commons, in England, uses twelve men, and the French Chamber of Deputies twenty-four, the House gets along with six stenographers. Each man at the Capitol takes a turn of 1,500 words.

*Noted South American
Visits the United States*

GENERAL Ismael Montes, ex-president of the republic of Bolivia, recently arrived in the United States, and after a brief sojourn continued his journey to Paris to enter upon his duties as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Bolivia to the republic of France. General Montes enjoys the distinction of having twice served his country as President, first from 1904 to 1909, and again from 1913 to 1917. A man of remarkable mental attainments, indomitable energy, and unusual executive ability, he is today the most widely known and most popular of living Bolivians. The son of the famous Bolivian General, Clodomiro Montes, he inherited his father's martial and patriotic spirit, as well as his love for human liberty, and won his first recognition as a soldier. He was born in the city of La Paz October 5, 1861; educated in the institutions of his native city, and was studying law at the University of La Paz, when, as a youth of eighteen, he volunteered in defense of his country during the war with Chile in 1879. Fighting in every important engagement of the celebrated "War of the Pacific," he rose from the ranks to a captaincy, but was finally captured at the battle of the "Alto de la Alianza," and sent as a prisoner of war to Chile. Upon his return to his native land he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the university, and entered upon the practice of his profession, soon taking a high rank among the prominent lawyers of La Paz. His gifts as a polemical writer soon drew him into national politics, and he became a close friend and adherent of General Pando. When the latter became President, he made the then Colonel Montes his (Continued on page 477)

*This is the first time
I have let anything
about Queenstown
go out - I think, however,
there is nothing in the
story to help the Germans.
So - O.K.*

*J.F. Daniels U.S.N.
Chief Naval Censor*

Sent by Sims to Queenstown

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE doors of Queenstown are unlocked only by an Admiralty pass, for here the destroyer flotillas and depth bombs have come to sound the death knell of the submarine. At Hollyhead Wharf, where, amid yawns and growls, the throngs waited until after midnight for the Irish mail, it was necessary to secure the vise of the alien officer. Once at sea there was a rush for the dining saloon, where ham and meats could be secured, for war rations did not prevail in Ireland. Regulations were as unpopular as conscription.

The swift little steamer zig-zagged over the Irish Sea that night. Stretched out on seats and bunks, the passengers were wrapped in the blissful forgetfulness of sleep. The early morning found us at Kingstown—the harbor of Dublin. There was a real emerald hue to the Irish landscape that morning and little evidence of war. Several young lads appeared wearing defiant badges inscribed "No Conscription." Dublin was just then seething with the Sinn Féin agitation. Some of the leaders had

been arrested the night previous, charged with participating in the German plots.

Lord French's proclamation, calculated to win the dissenting Irish to the Allies' cause was the headline in the papers and the talk of everyone that morning.

The long journey from Dublin to Queenstown gave me time to observe travelers in Ireland. The trains move slowly, irregularly, and deliberately. Nearly everyone I talked with spoke of some friend in America, and hours whiled away explaining how it was I lived in Boston and didn't chance to know "the boy" or "the friend" living in cities a thousand miles away.

Soldiers in khaki were given tea at Limerick Junction. Some of them, from far-off Australia, New Zealand, and

South Africa, were on leave to visit relatives, many of whom they had never seen. Cork teemed with war activities.

Queenstown is only a few miles down the River Lee, and is counted the "jumping-off place." The harbor was dotted with

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY WASHINGTON

June 17th, 1918.

My dear Mr. Chapple:—

I am just in receipt of a letter from Admiral Sims, in which he speaks of your visit to him and the boys on the other side, and it is so good that I cannot resist the temptation to send you an extract from it, which I quote below:

"Mr. Joe Chapple presented your letter of introduction in due time. I gave him a general idea of the situation over here, and our naval relation to this situation, and arranged for him to visit the Grand Fleet, Queenstown, etc.

"On his way back home he called and related his experiences, about which he was most enthusiastic, and he was in a great hurry to get home and go ahead with his propaganda work.

"He appears to me exactly the kind of a man for such work—a tireless human dynamo of enthusiastic energy at high pressure. All hands liked him. He happened to be at Queenstown on a Saturday night and attended the usual combined American and British entertainment at the Club. In fact, he was a large part of the show, as the boys forced him to go on the stage, and make a speech, and recalled him three times."

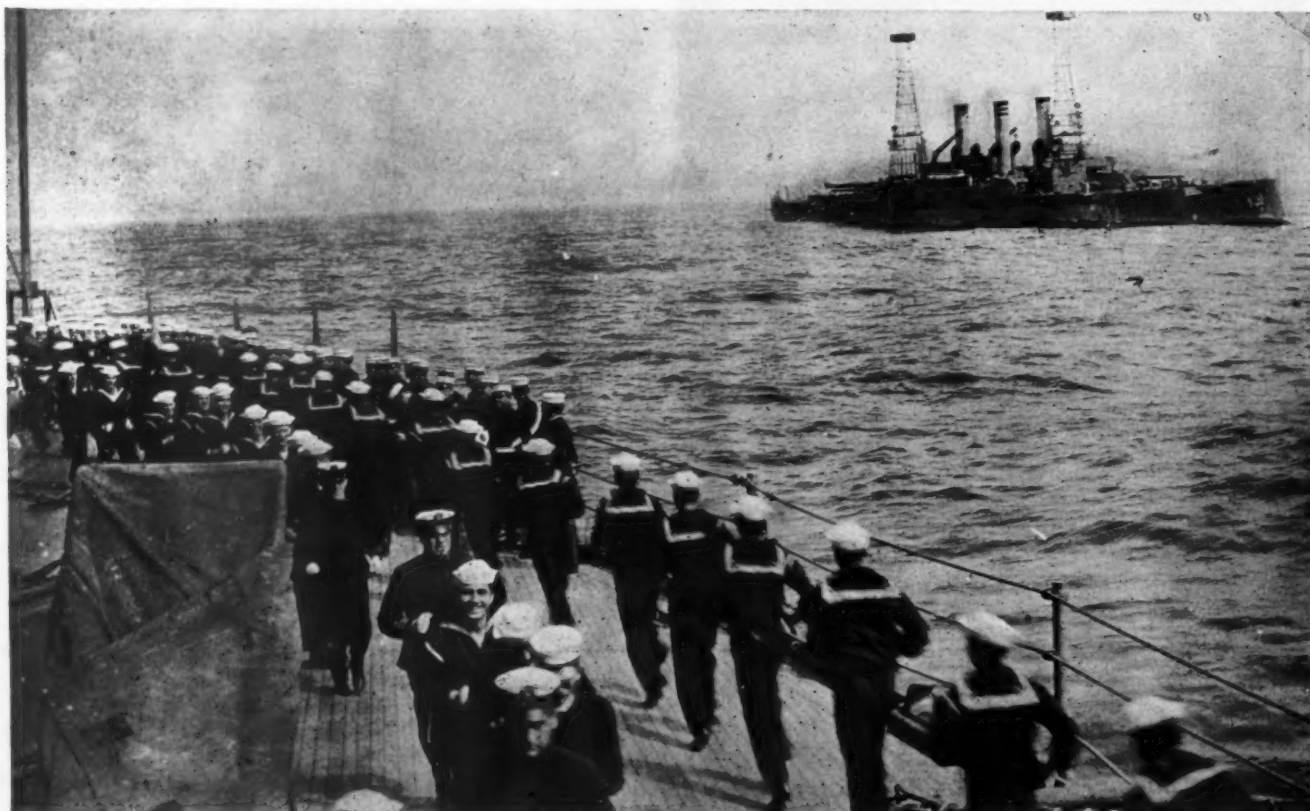
I know that your visit was undoubtedly of mutual benefit, and that you will be able to do us all a great deal of good on this side.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple
THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE
Boston, Mass.



"DOUBLE TIME" ON THE QUARTER DECK—A PART OF THE CREW'S DAILY ROUTINE ABOARD SHIP

destroyers, moored in groups of four to a buoy, like dogs on a leash. At the Naval Wharf was the welcome sight of American sailors. Captain Pringle was aboard the *Melville*, one of two which serve as "mother ships" for the destroyer flotilla. He is the chief of staff of Admiral Sims' destroyer flotilla, and in command. Here again was exemplified the cordial co-ordination of American and British naval officers and men.

The supply ships, great floating machine shops, are ready for any emergency. The first story told me was of two destroyers which had met with accident. One had the stern blown off by a depth bomb, while another's bow was demolished in a collision. The two vessels were towed in, and the salvaged stern

shape, many working long after hours, if necessary, to get a ship off. They never know when a rush of work is coming, and reserve supplies are always in readiness for an emergency. Admiral McGowan would have been pleased to have heard the salvos of praise from the sailors when the transports arrive. They pay unceasing tribute to the efficiency of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. "Sanda Court," at Washington.

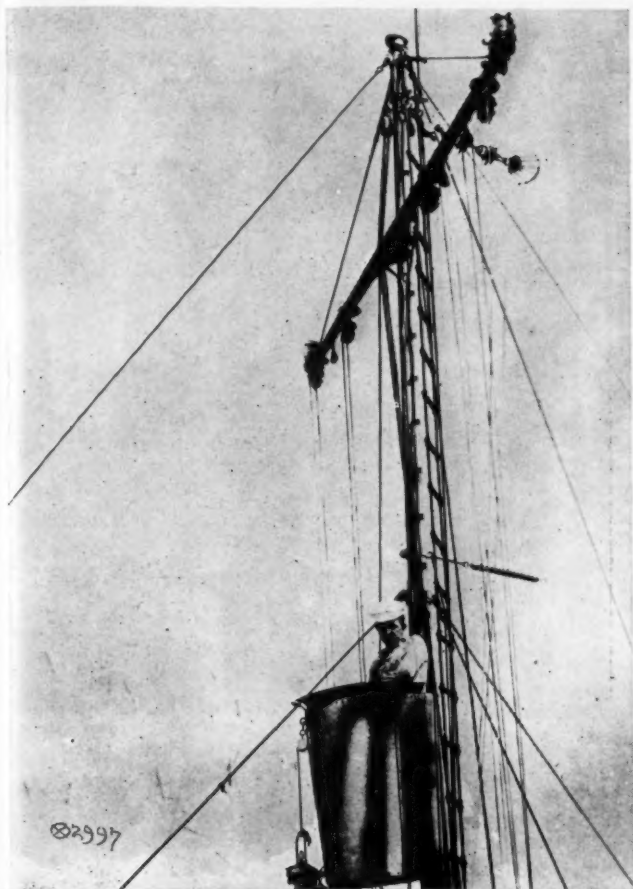
The destroyers are always busy, steaming from five to seven thousand miles a month, and being sometimes at sea twenty-one days at a time, never daunted by wind or weather. There is a certain longitude and latitude where the convoys going out are taken and the convoys coming in are met. Officers insist that "a monument should be erected at this fixed spot in the motionless sea" after the war.

The destroyers, which are an evolution of the torpedo boat, have already many scalps to their credit. These clipper-like craft remind one of greyhounds straining at the leash, eager for the chase.

How can a landsman best describe his feelings on board a destroyer at sea? He hangs on with both arms, and those who have boasted of never knowing the ills of seasickness are ruthlessly floored. It was planned for me to take a cruise of four days. The spectacle of seeing myself growing green in the mirror of the deep, and the experience of salt water splashed into my soup, with ocean spray for pepper and salt on my food, was not an alluring prospect.

Captain McCandless of the *Caldwell* was considerate when I proved that I had at least one sea-leg. These craft are long, narrow shells of thin steel, with a speed exceeding that of an ocean liner and equalling that of an automobile. Everything is stowed away snugly, every inch of space being utilized.

The captain and crew never take off their clothes during a cruise, for there is very little sleep aboard. The eagle eyes of the destroyers, always on the alert, are the protection of the convoys. The peculiar excitement on board appeals to dauntless American sailors keen for adventure. As each new ship is completed in the United States, a crew of twenty-five officers



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THE CROW'S NEST

From which a sharp lookout for submarines is constantly kept

of one was joined to the bow of the other. The names were hyphenated and the twain were one henceforth.

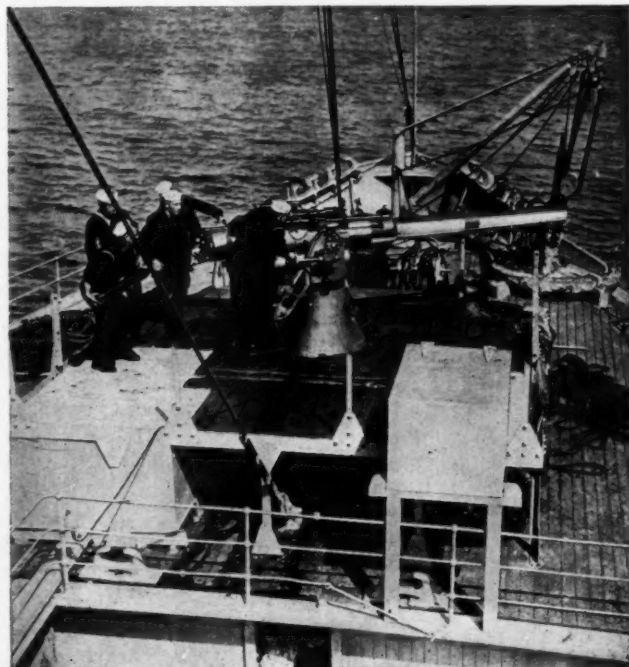
A replica in miniature of the torpedo station at Newport has been erected, and Lieutenant Moses of Newport is in charge. Sharklike torpedoes, each one costing \$7,000, are tested under hydraulic pressure. "Expensive ammunition," I remarked. "Yes," said a sailor, "but it counts when opportunity offers."

Commander Carpenter of the *Fanning*, who made the capture of a submarine, taught me the nautical step, and I was able to trip up the gangway lightly, this time without stumbling. Wireless naval dispatches came in thick and fast. One of these reports brought the news of a certain ship never known to make over nine knots. "Chased by a submarine," it read, "making eleven knots."

"Nothing like a submarine to speed 'em up," said the captain.

Ashore and everywhere the quiver of the chase animates the sailors. They are all eager to go to sea and have their chance at the subs. Whether under a British or American commander, it mattered not. Their one desire is to "get at 'em."

Destroyers returning from convoy duty come alongside the supply ships for repairs and supplies, and are off in a twinkling. The Broadway base for the destroyers are the supply ships *Dixie* and *Melville*, where men work and bands play. The cabins are business offices, where the yeomen are all in ship-



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TRAINING AND SIGHTING THE FORWARD GUN ON AN AMERICAN WARSHIP

and men who have had experience at the Queenstown base, are detailed to bring the new ship over. The ambition of young naval officers is to command a destroyer and get just one chance at a submarine.

Depth bombs, which resemble the humble and plebeian ash can, are carried on the stern of a destroyer. They are timed in much the same fashion as the old teeter board works. Once off, the depth bomb knows neither friend nor foe. The ship

must keep moving and get away before it explodes or the stern is endangered. On the aft deck of the boat are howitzer guns, which, in appearance are as harmless as a joint of sewer pipe, tho capable of throwing depth bombs one hundred and twenty feet to port or starboard. The explosive substance is TNT. The explosion of the bomb is caused by the pressure of water at a certain depth. When one of these bombs explodes, stones, sea mud and water from the bottom of the channel are brought up from a depth of two hundred feet and shot into the air like a geyser. This gives an idea of the power of these innocent-looking cans. The shock from such an explosion is felt by ocean liners a half mile distant, causing them to shiver from bow to stern. The concussion has the intensified sound of boys crashing two stones together under water.

In the fox hunt for submarines, two destroyers go out abreast and begin spiral maneuvers, one going to the right and the other to the left, each dropping depth bombs, making it impossible for a submarine to live in the patterned area covered. Submarines must keep going in deep water. They cannot stop while submerged unless the water is shallow, and then they lie on the bottom.

It is something of a tussle for a stout man to go thru the hatchway of a submarine, like the "lemon squeezer" at Lost River in the White Mountains. When submarines were constructed, two-hundred pounders were not considered. Climbing down the pole with spiral steps, I found that my legs were rather too thick to twine themselves gracefully. I would make a poor hero for a modern edition of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

The machinery of a submarine is most intricate. Here were the tubes where the torpedoes were projected; there the listening devices, while a myriad of levers and countless wheels were everywhere. Never shall I forget the uncanny feeling when, for the first time, I looked into a rubber-lined tube and realized it was a periscope. It was like looking into the hood of a reflex camera. Ships at a distance, men on the ships, expressions on their faces, even to the bat of an eyelash, were clearly visible. The periscope moves up and down and around like the All-Seeing Eye.

The submarine is now being used in the chase against the U-boats on the Irish coast. Greatest caution must be exercised to distinguish British, American and German submersibles, for all are working in the same zone. A system of signals has been devised which enables friendly craft to detect not only each other, but to communicate with the destroyers on the surface.

At the Naval Men's Club at Queenstown, the first establishment of its kind, British and American officers and sailors fraternize and enjoy hours of leave together. The friendly odor of American ham and eggs blends with British mutton.

This clubhouse, which is located on the sea wall, opens hospitable doors to all sailors on shore leave and meets the need for rest and entertainment. Generous-hearted Americans in London provided this club, which now has an international fame. An old gymnasium has been converted into an Assembly Hall, where every night moving pictures and other entertainments are furnished.

It was Saturday evening when I was there. The hall was filled to overflowing, and the orchestra from the *Melville* was making the occasion merry with ragtime and patriotic airs. A vaudeville performance was in progress, consisting of "stunts" by seamen who were singers, elocutionists, lariat-throwers, monologists, and band soloists. These seemed equal to any emergency. The artists and audience created a free-for-all atmosphere.

While enjoying a jolly evening, intermission approached and my joy came to an untimely end! Captain Pringle commanded me to "proceed to the stage" and make a speech. A scene showing the skyline of New York was flashed before the footlights,



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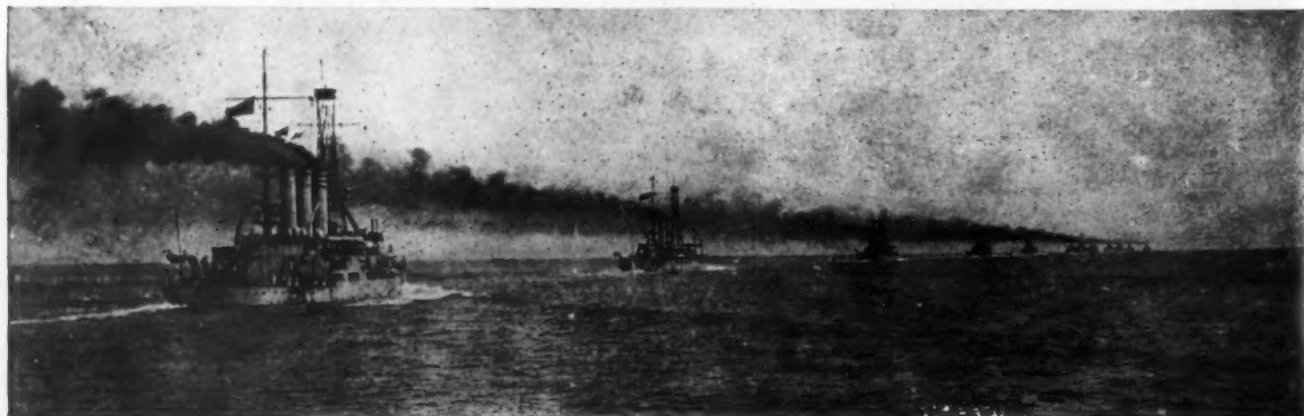
ADMIRAL BENSON GREETING ADMIRAL BEATTY AS HE STEPS ABOARD THE BRITISH FLAGSHIP

bringing a volley of applause from the boys, who broke out in the song "Goodbye, Broadway." The words of other songs were thrown on the screen and a regular songfest started.

The faces of the sailors in that auditorium would have made a reassuring picture to the fathers and mothers at home. The boys were happy, self-reliant and manly.

When my "spiel" was ended and they tried to go on with the show, the cheering did not cease. All over the hall there was a chorus, "To hell with the show, get the guy going again." They did not know who I was, but they knew I was somebody from home who had seen and known the boys in khaki. When tribute was paid to the American soldiers of the army in France and to Mother Britannia calling the

(Continued on page 473)



FLEET IN COLUMN

Osteopathy as a War Aid

The Value of the Science in Taking Care of Wounded and Disabled Soldiers

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AT a time when our minds and eyes are centered on the headlines telling what our brave boys at the front are accomplishing, nothing is of interest or importance save it has a direct bearing on aiding them. No science is of benefit, no profession of value, unless it can do its part toward promoting the cause of world-wide democracy and damning the Kaiser. It was because of this, because of its value as a war aid, that I turned my thoughts osteopathy-ward.

In speaking of Osteopathy today, it is unnecessary to go into a detailed description of its wonderful development and history. Founded by Dr. A. T. Still at Kirksville, Missouri—the same town which educated America's greatest military genius of the day, "Fighting Jack" Pershing—Osteopathy began a little over thirty years ago to send out its message of service. Today the science is known to the people as well as Allopathy, or any other school of healing. The history of Osteopathy is a romance of the science of prevention. Serving in the ranks overseas are hundreds of Osteopaths, doing their bit for America, yet denied a just recognition by the government which they are serving.

When I faced the delegates of the National Convention recently held in Boston, the realization came that there is an idealism associated with this work that is appealing. It possesses the elements of a crusade—fighting for rights against the handicaps of tradition. On the school grounds at Kirksville I saw thousands of hard-muscled, strong country boys, and as I saw them again, prominent in their profession, I realized the value of Osteopathy as a science, and saw before me the efficacy of its system of building strong, clean, virile human bodies.

The opinion of critics to the contrary notwithstanding, an Osteopath is a natural human being. He works on the basic principle of harmony and adjustment. Not the alleviation by drugs is his remedy, but the cure of conditions by reaching the seat of the trouble thru corrective body adjustment. The bill before Congress, recognizing Osteopathy, is, no doubt, favored personally by many members of the Military Committee, where it now rests in peace. In fact, one might well believe, as the Osteopaths do, that it would be favored by Congress personally were it not for the disapproval of the Surgeon General and the Medical Department, because of the opposition and veiled threats of the all-powerful American Medical Association. For years it has been felt in many quarters that the medical society has been rather arbitrary in its commands and demands. Altho in these war times they hold a strategical point, it is certain that the patriotic impulse of the medical profession of the country would not stand in the way of anything that would help to relieve the sufferings of our wounded, battle-racked soldiers. It is not that Osteopathy supplants the medical profession, but rather supplements it—taking up cases where medicine leaves off. In the matter of shell shock, case after case has been cured by Osteopathy, which medicine failed to effect. And in numerous instances, there have been given back to service in the army of Uncle Sam many stalwarts who, but for the aid of this science, would now be on the permanently disabled list.

The efficacy and efficiency of Osteopathy have been proved

in the accident insurance offices, where they find that treatment of injuries by this method obviates long ailments which pile up costs for indemnities and damages. The offer of these thousands of men, trained for the work, in times of peace, is of patriotic value that cannot be considered in any other light save that of a desire to extend their helpful service. It does not seem American that they should be denied the right to practice under the necessities of life and death and health—those needs that are sought and appreciated on the by-roads of civilian as well as military life.

The dominant keynote of the convention of Osteopaths at Boston recently, where the delegates were men imbued with the highest patriotic impulse, was service. The spirit which the meeting revealed surpassed any that I have ever attended, because it was the spirit of consciousness—the consciousness of knowledge, of power possessed to help conserve every precious drop of American blood in this great war.

To allow theories of dogmatic practices to prevail at this time against any institution simply because that institution does not belong to tradition, should be squashed under the act which forbids giving aid or comfort to the enemy. To refuse to give ear to any cause which promises to be of benefit to the soldier in the trenches, who is offering his all for us, is to be guilty of treason to him. This is not the time for sectionalism, either of opinion or profession, but rather a day when that broader outlook, that greater understanding of the purpose of all men, should be emphasized, and anything that can add its



READY FOR THE HEALING OF WAR'S HURTS
A group of the American Osteopathic Relief Association, organized by Dr. George A. Still at Kirksville, Missouri. Dr. Still is fourth from the left in the front line

mite to American and Allied power, be given a chance. In presenting his case, the Osteopath does not promise to work miracles, but, by clear, logical reasoning, by cures already effected, proves his right to intelligent consideration. Take the case of Private Tom Skeyhill, the soldier-poet of the Anzacs:

In December, 1916, the company of which Tom Skeyhill was a member, made a brilliant charge against the Turks at Gallipoli, where the young signaler was blinded by shell shock. Sightless tho he was, he came to Washington the early part

of this year to engage in Red Cross work. In the midst of one of his speeches, he experienced severe pains, and friends suggested that an osteopathic treatment might bring relief. The young Australian was immediately placed on the table, and after

METROPOLITAN

432 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

OFFICE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

December 12, 1917.

My dear Dr. Green:

I wish the American Osteopathic Association all success in its effort to secure for osteopathic physicians the right to serve their country in the army and navy. I am sorry that licensed osteopathic physicians who have passed the Medical Examining Board examinations for commissions on the Medical Corps and have been recommended by the Examining Board for such commissions have not received them. I am glad that the American Osteopathic Association is patriotically endeavoring, without cost to the men, to give them osteopathic care in the camps and cantonments. I earnestly hope that Congress will pass legislation enabling osteopathic physicians to serve their country in the capacity for which they are best fitted.

I write on this subject with knowledge. Two of the members of my family have been treated with great profit to themselves for years by osteopathic physicians. One of these is now with our army in France. It would be to his great advantage if he could have occasional osteopathic treatments, and I am genuinely concerned that he is unable to get them. To give osteopathic physicians the chance to serve the army in the country as you desire would be a very real benefit.

With all good wishes,

Faithfully yours,

T. Roosevelt

a few moments' treatment, by Dr. Riley Moore, leaped therefrom, shouting: "I can see you, doctor, I can see you!" This, after almost seventeen months of complete blindness. So appreciative was Skeyhill, so important a bearing on the plea of Osteopathy for official recognition is this cure, that it is worth while to let him tell his story here:

"I entered the hospital with little hope that Osteopathy could help me. A few moments, however, after the doctor began manipulating the back of my neck, at the apex of the spinal column, I experienced sharp, excruciating pain. Little flashes of light came before my heretofore dimmed eyes, and before I realized what was happening I could see. You can imagine my gratitude at the knowledge that I was again to see a world of brightness, which, for seventeen months, had been totally dark to me. Nothing has ever appeared more beautiful than the bare white walls of the hospital then looked. I have traveled all parts of the world, speaking and writing for patriotic purposes, and have always felt the most intense gratitude to the good people who were so kind to me in my affliction, but, when I found the curtain of darkness lifted from my eyes, the thrill received will be my most vivid recollection during the remainder of my life.

"When I sprang to the colors in defense of my Hun-menaced empire, I was a light-hearted boy. From that day at Gallipoli to the present moment, I had passed thru the travail of rude transition from light to darkness. It is impossible for men who have not experienced the shock entailed thru loss of sight to appreciate in the remotest degree the feelings which surged thru me, now that I was again in the land of light; to know that I could go on as other men and witness the glories of a breaking day, or watch the sun sink at eventime behind the hills or far horizons of a level country. With the knowledge of the great boon restored to me, I could not help stopping for a brief moment and offering up a silent prayer of thankfulness.

"What does this cure mean to me? This: That thru the ministrations of the ministering osteopathic physicians, I have been restored to sight. There is but one course open for me to pursue. The moment I have finished my lecture contract on

behalf of the various patriotic activities, I will again join the colors and go back over there, where I hope to be given an opportunity of putting a number of Huns in that place where they will be 'pushing up daisies,' as they say in the burial service.

"The battle in which I was blinded was fought in the Gallipoli Peninsula, December 8, 1916. We were charging up a steep declivity when there was an awful, world-rocking explosion, and I, among others, staggered back and fell to the ground. I was unconscious for some time, but at last came a sense of returning consciousness, quickly followed by the dread realization that, tho still alive, I was blind.

"The regular physicians I visited ascribed my condition to shell shock, and were not encouraged as to the possibility of my ever regaining sight. Hundreds of physicians, many of them famous specialists, in England, France and the United States, confirmed this opinion. It was their belief that only a medical miracle could save me from passing the remainder of my life in the midst of the black mists. An osteopathic physician, however, by a simple manipulation, has performed what was proclaimed by others almost impossible. Wherever I go, I shall proclaim the name of Moore, and tell my audiences of the simple manner in which this man brought back my sight to me. What he did for me personally, while greatly appreciated, is not of the greatest moment, but the fact that he has enabled a soldier to get back into action, where every able-bodied man should be. There is a battle line in France that needs strengthening, and it is there I want to be fighting shoulder to shoulder with the gallant American lads, the brave French, the indomitable British, the fine Italians, and the men of Canada and Australia, whose dash and daring have won the admiration of the world, and the bitter hatred of the Huns, who haven't got the physical or moral courage to face us, man to man, in the open fields. That I am able to once more take my place with my brothers on the firing line is due to the skill of an osteopathic physician. I shall never lose the opportunity to tell to the world the full truth as to the manner in which my eyesight was restored."

No more convincing recommendation that Congress should give the Osteopathic bill serious consideration could be penned than the above. What was done for this young signaler, and for "Private Peat," the famous soldier-author and lecturer, could be done for others, and to overlook a chance of a cure, of returning disabled men who want to fight, back into the army, is of too grave a consequence to be passed aside simply because the members of the osteopathic profession do not have the degree of M.D. The principal aim of war is the destruction of man. A large number of those who are not completely destroyed receive injuries from which they might be cured, even tho the profession of medicine and surgery have declared them incurable. Would they be worse off, the country worse off, if the Osteopaths who have already made many remarkable cures, be permitted to do what they could to restore these men to active life?

Secretary of War Baker originally favored action that would make it possible to utilize the services of osteopathic physicians. His attention was called to Section 7, Medical Department, Act



SIGNALER SKEYHILL, OF THE ANZACS

of 1908, which provides that commissions may be issued as medical reserve officers to "such graduates of reputable schools of medicine, citizens of the United States, who, upon examination prescribed by the Secretary of War, are found physically, mentally and morally qualified to hold such commissions." Nothing in the act provided that a physician must be

Osteopathic Relief Association, under the command of Dr. George A. Still, was formed and organized to drill. From these ranks over one hundred and fifty members have enlisted in the army and navy, altho without professional standing. To accept these men in a minor capacity seems a waste, a reversal of the purpose of the selective draft law, which explicitly provides that every man shall be placed where his training will be of the most benefit to the government.

The invasion of the germs in air and water, surrounding the human body in untold millions, is best repulsed by the natural defenses in the circulation of good, healthy red blood—so say these disciples of prevention and adjustment. It would seem, therefore, that Osteopathy, founded by a physician of the old school, who served as a surgeon in the army, ought to have some consideration in the armies marshalled on the soil of France. For may not his experiences, acquired in treating the wounded on the fields of battle during the Civil War, have been a factor in estab-

lishing the system whose recognized benefits might mean much in saving even more lives of our soldiers in the war of 1918? It would seem logical to employ every agency that might be available in conserving life, and why Osteopathy is barred at this critical time, is difficult for the average American citizen, with favorable or unbiased opinions as to Osteopathy, to understand. Public sentiment will soon crystallize on this subject as the list of casualties increases. The heroic and overworked doctors in the army are already realizing that every sort of efficient assistance at this time is not only sought, but demanded in the extreme emergencies of warfare.

It was a stirring moment when it was mentioned, at the recent convention, that among the boys hailing from near Kirksville, who attended the Normal school in that city, was none other than General

John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. It was at Kirksville that Pershing began his career in meeting the bluff of the bully in the neighborhood feud. It was big, strong, broad-shouldered Jack Pershing who put the six-foot bully out of the schoolhouse in the same expeditious way in which he is pushing back the Hun on the banks



YOUNG, STRONG, EFFICIENT, EAGER TO SERVE

These girls wear the arm band insignia of the American Osteopathic Relief Association, and are ready to answer the call to their country's service when it is sounded

a Doctor of Medicine, in order to enter the Medical Corps. With that spirit of fairness that has marked the endeavors of the Secretary of War, he requested the opinion of the Judge-Advocate General, who advised the Secretary of War to the effect that "while the law did not specifically provide that a physician, in order to enter the Medical Corps, must be a Doctor of Medicine, unwritten practice does." The Secretary then decided, in accordance with this opinion, that he would require a man coming into the Medical Corps to have the M.D. degree. The House, therefore, suspended action on the bill for the time being.

Altho twenty-five licensed osteopathic physicians having taken and passed satisfactorily the Medical Examining Board's examination for commissions in the Medical Corps, thereby receiving the Examining Board's hearty recommendation, yet withal they were rejected at Washington because they did not have the required degree of M.D.

It is the purpose of the American Osteopathic Association to provide osteopathic care for the boys in the camps and cantonments, without cost to them. It has spread broadcast the information that soldiers and sailors will receive osteopathic care during the period of the war, free of charge, and, altho not accepted, osteopathic clinics, with equipment and maintenance, have been offered to the government. The lack of the degree of M.D., however, has necessitated, or rather caused, the turning down of all these proposals. No less a patriot than former President Theodore Roosevelt, whose patriotism no man can question, who has already given one son to the great cause of freedom, and has, at the present time, three other sons on the battlefield, has protested vigorously against this treatment. Feats of the Roosevelt boys are already matters of history, and during their civilian life they were constantly under the care of osteopathic physicians—in itself a recommendation for osteopathy as a builder of strong, virile men.

Notwithstanding the adverse decisions of those in authority, the American osteopathic profession has demonstrated its patriotism and desire to serve in other ways. Shortly after America entered the war, what was known as the American



THE WORCESTER (MASSACHUSETTS) OSTEOPATHIC HOSPITAL
Founded in 1918 by Dr. Lewis M. Bishop



ANOTHER GROUP OF THE AMERICAN OSTEOPATHIC RELIEF ASSOCIATION

of the Marne. It seems the irony of fate that a system of treatment, created in the very atmosphere of the birthplace of this great leader, should be denied Pershing's soldiers by the Medical Department of the army. All this in spite of proven and authentic cases that have been saved from the tortures of shell shock and neurasthenia by the practice of Osteopathy. The profession meeting, as all other (Continued on page 473)

With *the* Shipbuilders at Hog Island

By ALBERT LEONARD SQUIER

WHEN the Allied rocket of distress went into the air, its flare carried the most piteous appeal ever heard for ships—ships to replace flying flinders from murderous submarines; ships to succor starving millions; ships to transport troops and carry munitions—it was the death cry, the S. O. S. blazing in letters of fire in the sky of war's darkest night.

America heard. Uncle Sam gave the word, and his shipbuilders rolled up their sleeves. Today the world-saving ship of democracy is on her way. The roar of the fire in her boilers, the vomiting black smoke at her stacks, the throb of her engines, the tense strain of officers and crew, make the most masterful marine picture of the age-long seas.

It was during the early days of August, under the hottest sun in the history of the Philadelphia Weather Bureau, that I saw Hog Island—another pledge of America's "utmost resources." It looked the part. As my eyes took in its vastness, I was like the Queen of Sheba when she saw Solomon—"there was no more spirit in me." Had the neurotic lady lived in these war-days, even she would need modern improvements on her thriller.

There in visible shape was the most gigantic engineering feat ever compassed into equal space and months—the voucher for the largest contract ever signed by man since the morning stars sang together.

When, four years ago, I sailed into nearly every one of the numberless ports of the other half of the Western Hemisphere known as South America, without once seeing the most glorious flag ever flung to a breeze on the masthead of any merchant ship, I came away with bowed head. But that day will never come again. America has begun the boldest undertaking ever chronicled in the history of man—the pontooning of the Atlantic.

Having plead on the lyceum platform for years for the

rehabilitation of our merchant marine, it was worth crossing continents to witness the event which marked the dawn of the better day.

I went down several days before the launching, not only to try and stretch my limited imagination over the limitless enterprise, and get atmosphere, but especially to meet the shipbuilders, feel the human element, note the spirit of the men and the purpose which dominated them.

On the side of one huge hulk under construction, printed in chalk, and in somewhat inartistic form and expression I found these words:

"Build more ships! Do it we MUST—or bust."

That was the spirit of the shipbuilders expressed with a punch.

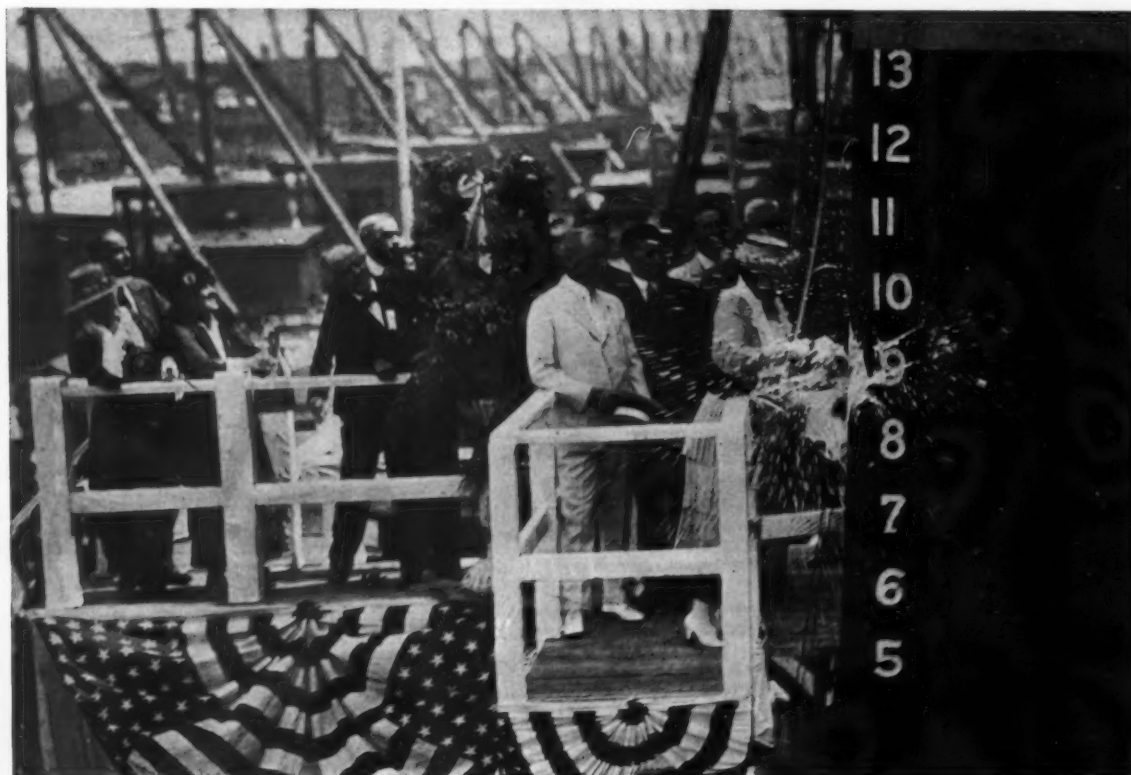
At the very start I met Mr. W. H. Blood, Jr., the gatekeeper of the Island, a most affable man, yet to get by whom is like forcing the Dardanelles. Knowing him to be familiar with every detail of the construction, I asked: "What is the one thing which has impressed you most in all this vast undertaking?"

He replied: "The executives working unkept hours; the workmen in the dead of winter, a winter of unknown severity, toiling in frozen ground three feet deep, their hands and feet often frozen, walking long distances to and from the place where transportation left them, refusing to give up—both working with a devotion worthy of any patriot."

Could any soldier on a shell-scarred battlefield have nobler sentiments attributed to him than were couched in those golden words?

It may be questioned if any class or grade of men the country over know *why* ships are being built as well as the men who are building them.

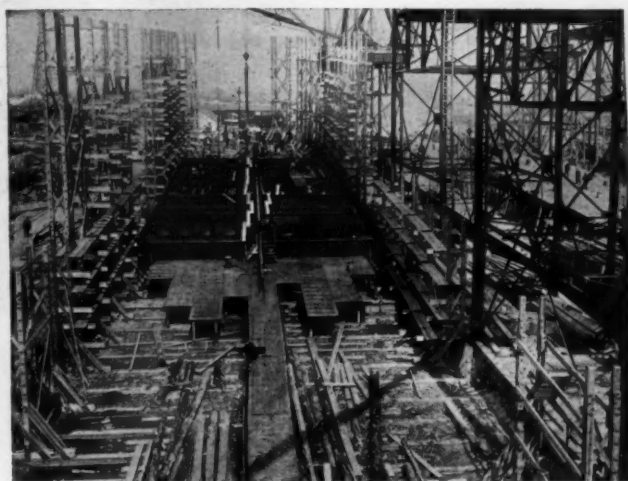
Work, with the shipbuilder, has taken on a new glory; time, a new meaning. Slacking has been spewed out as an unholy



"I christen thee Quisconck," cried Mrs. Wilson, as the wicker-covered champagne bottle smashed against the bow. The President and Chairman Hurley appear to have been splashed with the bottle's contents, to the amusement of Miss Margaret Wilson who stands smiling, at the left, in front of Secretary Tumulty



The laying of the keel, on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, 1918



The work well under way—as photographed March 30, 1918

thing. An hour is that sacred possession which, by the way it is used, may spell victory or defeat.

That priceless thing which the clock ticks off has been bought in miserly exactness by both officials and men. Those on administration and construction, during the early months when difficulties piled mountain high, when an unprecedented winter held all material things in a titanic grasp, and when investigations were like gravel on the ways, gave prodigally of every power in their being for fourteen or sixteen hours a day. During that same period laborers and shipbuilders drove piles by the aid of live steam into the unyielding sod, dug trenches in the battle for water, for light, and all other necessities for living, until even before early spring came to smile upon them, they were laying the first keel of a myriad fleet of ships.

I have lived among and observed athletes all my life—been one myself—and have witnessed them in Olympic try-outs, on the gridiron and ball field; but as I moved thru the ways and over the ships, I never gloried so much in fine muscles, trembling under moist flesh. I saw them as a strong arm and stronger heart held the automatic hammer on red-hot rivets, sending forth a music as sweet as machine guns; I saw them vibrating in a grand liberty movement in the bodies of reamers, holders on, pile drivers, road builders, crane-handlers and painters; they stood out in powerful evidence by the forge in the smithy shop, in template and angle rooms; they were wound around difficult tasks and bent to inspired uses—everywhere was the symphony of brawn. I was enthralled. I wanted to be among them, and I call heaven to witness that I turned to one of the administration force and said: "Will you give me a job?"

And it was not merely the exhibition of brawn; it was the triumph of brain. If one desires to see in concrete form the creative faculty, the inventive genius, the pure grayness of the American mind, let him see it here.

I have looked into the great ditch at Panama, studied its bewildering achievements, but a greater marvel is here, up to now, the climacteric enterprise of the human brain.

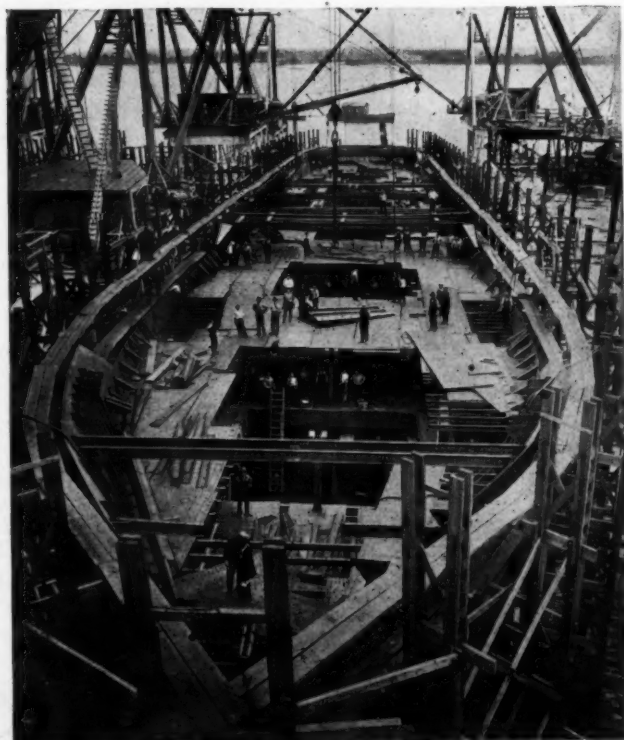
If ancient miracles trouble you, let them rest for a while, bigger ones are not an hour old. Do you have trouble about a few thousand passing dryshod thru a narrow neck of the Red Sea? American workmen have bent their backs and over them shall pass not a few thousand, but millions; not over a narrow stretch of water, but three thousand miles of it, together with food and supplies enough to keep them there and make them a scourge to smite the accursed Hun.

I was amazed at the great congress of shipbuilders which have been gathered in this enterprise. To mold a working force of thirty thousand is in itself a colossal undertaking. How as many experts could be brought together without seriously impairing the work of other shipyards is difficult to understand. But it has been done. Every department at Hog Island has many experts—men who know a ship from keel to topmast, with records of long service back of them and in every way fitted not only to carry on ship construction

but to train a vast army of American shipbuilders for all future time.

It is of utmost significance that here under the tutelage of master shipbuilders, there will be a supply of men who have had practical experience in the construction of fabricated ships. The record which the shipbuilders have made at Hog Island, not only in turning out ships, but in creating an effective working force, has already passed above justification and reached a point of high praise.

Among the expert workers there is a frail little man, quite gray, very retiring, and very much of a gentleman. He hardly looks the part of the shipbuilder that he is; but his judgment is sound, his few words have a razor-edge keenness, and his steel grey eyes carry a world of conviction; and that man is Vice-President F. W. Wood, an old Boston Tech man, who as far back as 1890 laid out and built the shipyard at Sparrows Point, and who, as president and director of the Maryland Steel Company, not only built floating docks for the Philippines and far-away Algiers, together with many ships for passenger and freight service, but also some of the largest colliers in government use. While the ships at Hog Island are somewhat smaller than he has been accustomed to turn out, he has a special joy in every new ship which is added to his family.



Hull 492 A—later the Quistconck—assuming "ship shape"

Quite in contrast to Mr. Wood is another Vice-President, who is round and portly, a jolly mixer, with a fund of good stories to enliven any occasion. Yet withal he is a practical man, an inventor and designer of ship apparatus. During the many years of study devoted to experiments with propelling machinery

Perhaps no phase of shipbuilding is more interesting than hull construction, and here again out of four hundred and sixty-two men employed, more than half, or two hundred and fifty have been in practical shipbuilding before coming to this plant. The General Superintendent is Mr. W. B. Fortune, who has

lived his whole life with steel, and for eight years was assistant superintendent of hulls with the New York Shipyard, which furnished the training necessary to make him a conspicuous shipbuilder. He it was who designed the six barges for floating the fallen span of the Quebec Bridge.

Assistant General Superintendent is Harvie Wharton whose native air is ships. He talks ships, thinks ships, lives in ships and is a shipbuilder in every legitimate use of the word. He was with the Cramps for over thirty years.

Another Assistant General Superintendent, S. C. Sargent, is a Boston Tech man, who was with the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation for many years.

If I found reason for surprise in the manner in which these other departments were manned, my confusion was complete when I came to the machinery installation and outfitting department; no less than ninety-five out of a hundred and thirty-four men having had from three to forty-two years' experience in practical shipbuilding. The same ratio obtains in the department of maintenance of ways and tools, twenty-one out of the forty-six being experts, and the shops added twenty-eight more.

In the department of standards and inspection, I found Assistant to the Vice-President W. B. Ferguson, in charge. He is rather small in stature, angular of face, quiet in manner, yet shows his naval training. A remarkably safe and sure man to follow. He is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, a post-graduate of Tech, was once assistant naval constructor in the United States Navy, and later naval



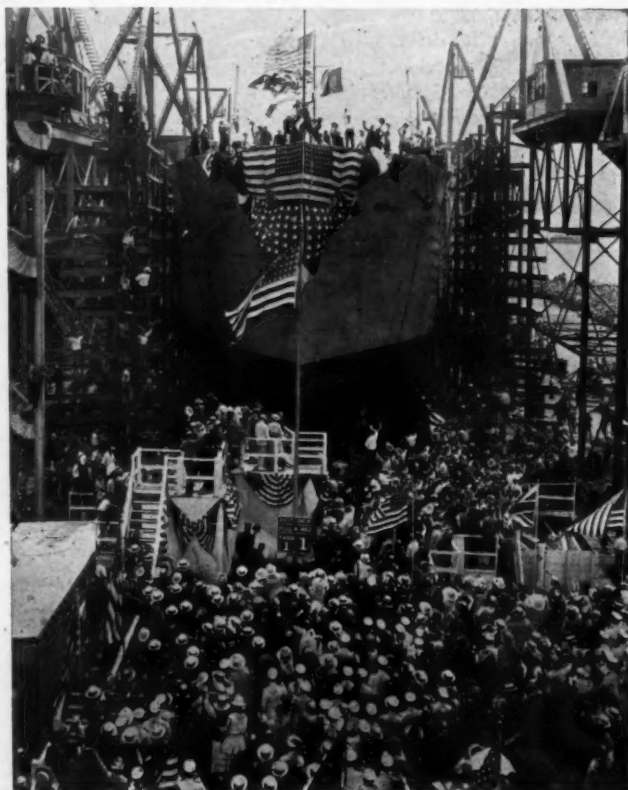
Behind the shipways were spread refreshment tables, decorated in honor of the occasion

he has patented many devices, some of which have been adopted by the United States Navy. In the early days he served as pattern and model-maker in the shipyard of Charles Hillman & Sons. For seventeen years he was Chief Engineer of the New York Shipbuilding Company. Such a man is Mr. L. D. Lovekin.

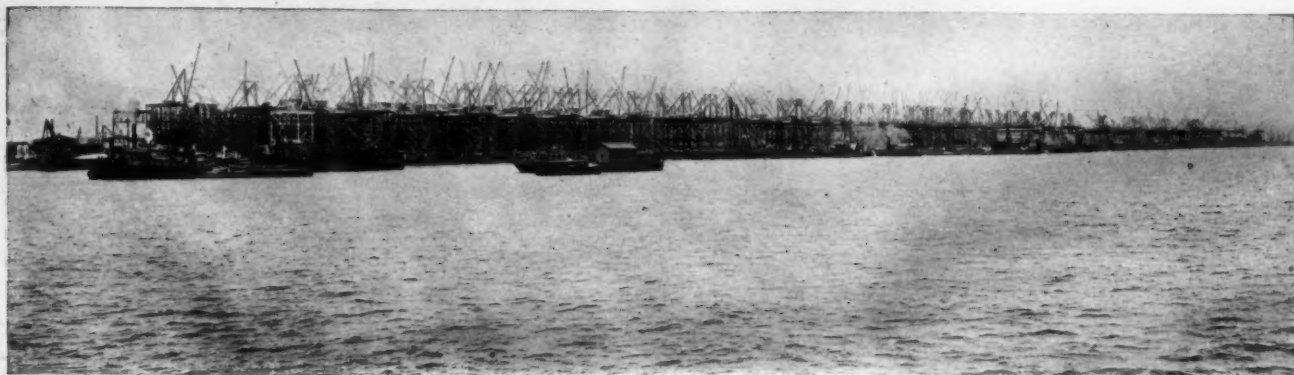
Then another interesting personality is Vice-President Walter Goodenough. He is of the football type, a pusher, a worker, a leader—full of bulldog tenacity; a man who cannot be bluffed, a driver of men, a hustler in full motion, yet with his bounding energy and driving qualities, all of which he imparts to his men, his fair and straightforward methods commend him not only to the confidence, but to the affections of those under him. One would hardly need to know that he was a graduate of a Michigan agricultural college. His abilities as a draftsman are known from the Great Lakes to Maine. Having served as an oiler on the Great Lakes, he knows men, and his technical work in the Great Lakes yards, Atlas Steamship Company, Bath Iron Works, Maryland Steel Company, and New York Shipbuilding Company, peculiarly fits him for his present duties.

Associated with Mr. Lovekin in the Engineering Department is Mr. J. T. Martin, who began work with the Pusey & Jones Corporation in Wilmington, Delaware, where he remained for seven years building marine engines and installing them on ships. From there he went to Jackson & Sharp in Wilmington as general foreman of the machine shop. Later he was five years with the Maryland Steel Company as foreman of machine shop and builder of marine engines. For four years he was with the Philadelphia Engineering Works building air compressors and marine engines. He is the manager of ship construction at the Hog Island plant. Mr. Martin gets into closest touch with the men and the work. He has an uncanny knack of finding out whether a thing is right or wrong. He puts his fingers on the work and into it, and knows at first hand everything that is being done. His fine physical presence is an inspiration in itself, and his super-mechanical ingenuity makes him a marked man among few equals.

Among these experts there are so many names of able engineers and executives that it would require a telephone directory to even mention them.



Amid the shrieking of the whistles and the delirious cheering of the multitude, the great hulk moved majestically down the ways



A vast expanse of steel framework rising against the sky from fifty ways

constructor. Besides his conspicuous service in the New York Navy Yard, Fore River, Boston Navy Yard, Navy Yard at Charleston, South Carolina, and as president and general manager of the Baylis Shipyard, he is now adding new prestige to his career.

The production department contains two hundred and fifty-one workers; including clerks and accountants, twenty-four of whom have had ship construction experience.

In the department of machinery fabrication, I should like to mention a dozen prominent men, but the Manager, Mr. C. C. Thomas, is a very unusual personality. He is of the professor type, somewhat more academic than the other workers, largely because of his connection with Cornell University, University of Wisconsin, and Johns Hopkins where he taught marine and mechanical engineering. A specialist on propelling machinery and motive power, he has added to his great technical knowledge the experience gained during sixteen months of study in Europe inspecting the principal shipyards and engineering establishments.

The department of design comprises no less than forty experts, all of whom have prominent parts to play in the great symphony of ships.

* * * *

The time, the place, and the ship were assembled in the happiest of combinations when at high noon on August 5, the

are a hundred and ten to follow within a year—of seventy-five hundred tons dead weight, four hundred feet long, and forty-five feet wide. She is built not for speed, but for cargo carrying. The Class B type, of which there are seventy ships also to come within a year, are of eight thousand tons and have a speed of fifteen knots. These will be used to carry both supplies and troops. But the *Quistconck* and ships of her type are intended to be part of Uncle Sam's "personally-conducted" tours to France.

Into her construction went three thousand tons of steel and a half a million rivets, and the fabricated parts came from no less than twenty-seven rolling mills. She will carry a crew of sixty, and her turbine oil-burning engines will drive her eleven and one-half knots an hour. The estimated cost is \$1,110,000.

* * * *

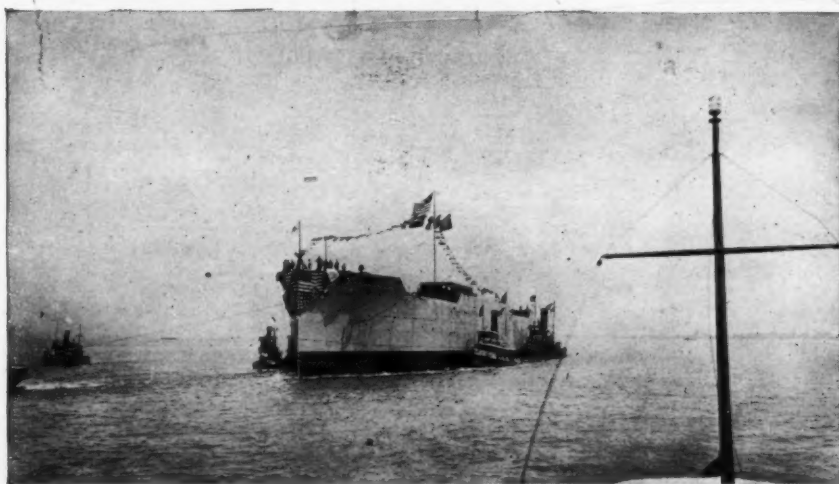
The ceremonies attending the launching were spectacular in these unusual war days. Early in the morning crowds were filtering thru railway stations, into trolleys and on excursion boats. Later the two roads leading to Hog Island suitable to motor cars were choked. It was like the days of championship baseball at Shibe Park—motors reaching from Broad Street on the east and along the Tincin road on the west as far as the eye could see. As there are to be no more public launchings, owing to the expense, the handling of the crowds, and the serious interruption of production, all fortunate enough to hold the magic pasteboard were making every effort to be there.

A new spirit was moving in Quakertown. In the corridors of the hotel, in the shops, on the street, and in railway stations, the sole topic was ships and more ships. The old city in which the Declaration of Independence was signed was to be dedicated to a new birth of freedom, and the iron tongue of the old Liberty Bell was to be replaced with a new one of gold.

Scattered up and down the Delaware, ships were springing up like magic. Old yards were bursting with expansion. The Liberty Bell had not rung in vain. The Hog Island plant was pouring on the streets of Philadelphia over a million dollars a week in payrolls—not a dollar of which was ever seen before. The numerous additional yards on the river were collectively paying out nearly as much. An era of prosperity such as few cities ever know had come to this good old city. The spirit

of William Penn was finding incarnation in the legion of shipbuilders which the industry had drawn.

Reaching the Navy Yard at League Island, the hum of the motor in our car was accompanied by the drone of hydroplane motors overhead—and they were Liberty Motors, too! It was hard to realize that the fine roads over which we were passing were ten months ago nothing but sand and muck. No less than eighteen miles of good roads have been laid at Hog Island. Even the languid Schuylkill over which we rolled seemed quickened, its channel is to be (Continued on page 470)



No sooner had the giant freighter reached the Delaware than a race between tugs began to get the first line to her. The race was won by A. I. S. C. tug No. 1. From the river the ship was towed to Wet Basin No. 1

Quistconck—the first completed product—was christened by the "First Lady of the Land," and launched at Hog Island.

Her keel was laid on Lincoln's birthday, February 12—a fitting occasion—with a new promise of freedom for free peoples. Not only so, but her construction was undertaken by what Lincoln called "the common people." One thousand men actually worked on assembling the ship, while nearly half a million men in different parts of the country contributed by their aid in various ways to furnish parts for the ship.

The *Quistconck* is a ship of the Class A type—of which there



CAPTAIN BERNARD MANNING



VIVIAN MEREDITH MANNING, R. O. T. C.



MAJOR WYNDHAM MEREDITH MANNING

South Carolina's War Governor

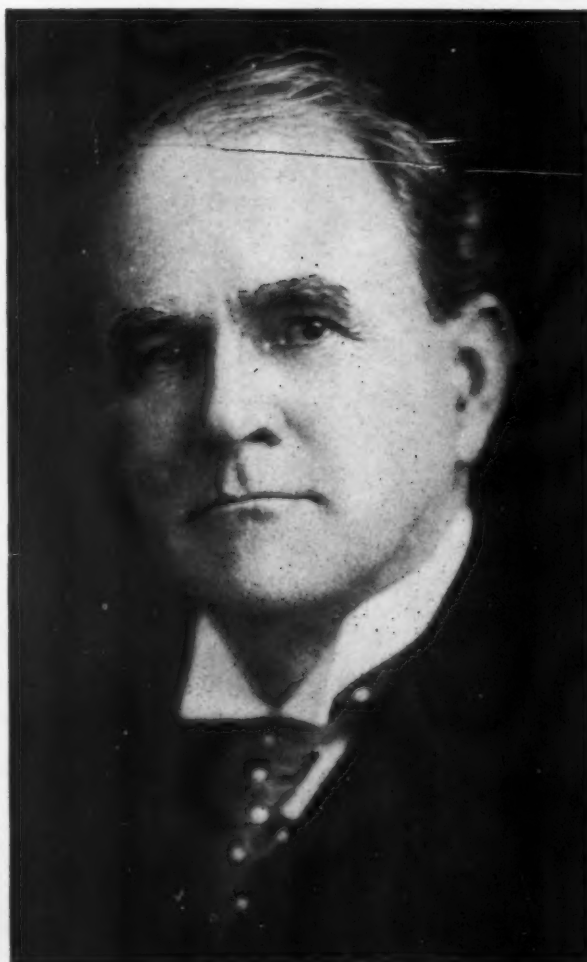
Richard Irvine Manning, His Wife and His Six Sons

By S. R. WINTERS

IN its massive and extensive facilities for war preparation the state of South Carolina has almost become a composite armed camp. The government's largest remount station is being erected at Charleston at a cost of twenty-five million dollars. North Charleston is the site of a four-million-dollar dry dock, and cantonments are located at Columbia, Greenville and Spartanburg.

The spirit of South Carolina in the wars of other years is seemingly being revived today. Two days after war was actually declared by the United States upon Germany, the Palmetto State, grouped with four other commonwealths, participated in a conference in Atlanta of the Southeastern Food Producers' Association, the object of the meeting being to stimulate food production. It marked the entry into the war of the first division of the army of the furrows.

The two regiments of the South Carolina National Guard are now on French battlefronts; the state has supplied its quota of troops prescribed by the selective draft law, and thousands of volunteers have enlisted in the navy and army. Camps Jackson,



GOVERNOR MANNING

Sevier, Wadsworth, and Fort Moultrie form training grounds for sons of South Carolina as well as limitless numbers of soldiers outside of its own borders.

To South Carolina's governor, Richard Irvine Manning, the world war has a deeper significance than issuing proclamations or formulating patriotic exhortations; it means visible achievements. By precept and example he has richly earned the title of "War Governor."

No better challenge to the Kaiser and his horde of Huns that America's cause is one of democracy *versus* autocracy than the illuminating fact that the Governor of a great commonwealth finds pride in giving his six sons to the fight for liberty. In this particular, the war record of Governor Manning is without a parallel in the United States.

The six-star service flag of the Mannings represents Captain William Sinkler Manning, aged thirty-two years, a regimental adjutant of the 316th Infantry at Camp Meade, Maryland; Vivian Meredith Manning, aged thirty years, at the Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Artillery Section, of Camp Jackson, South Carolina; Major Wyndham Meredith Manning, aged twenty-seven years, brigade adjutant,

F. A. of the 156th Brigade, 81st Division, Camp Jackson, South Carolina; Captain Bernard Manning, Headquarters Company, 316th Regiment, F. A., 156th Brigade, 81st Division, Camp Jackson, South Carolina; Corporal Burnell Dias Manning, aged twenty years, Brigade Detachment, F. A., 156th Brigade, 81st Division, Camp Jackson, South Carolina, and Sergeant Adger Manning, aged eighteen years, battalion sergeant major, 316th F. A., 156th Brigade, 81st Division, Camp Jackson, South Carolina.

The declaration of war found Governor Manning initiating measures for safeguarding the manifold interests of the state. The South Carolina Council of Defense, an organization designed to co-ordinate the war activities of the state, was created by the General Assembly of 1918. Its influence penetrates every county—the organization including branches of both men and women.



MRS. MANNING

The Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., and Liberty Loan campaigns have found substantial support in the Palmetto State.

Mrs. Manning, the wife of the governor, has proven a leader in the furtherance of these war-time agencies, to say nothing of her activities in ministering to the needs and comforts of the soldiers in the camps.

"Supporting the government in this war comes first—other matters being secondary," is a motto of the South Carolina governor. He gives unstintingly of his time to humanity's

cause, being constantly called to Washington for important conferences.

The available resources and facilities of the state are at the command of the National Government in the prosecution of the war. Millions of dollars are being spent in the state by the War and Navy Departments in the execution of its war program, and helpful co-operation by state authorities makes for a full fruition of these plans.

However, despite the magnitude of the war activities of South Carolina and its war governor—his achievements and contribution of six sons to the service—the private secretary to Governor Manning, Walter E. Duncan, bears testimony to this patriotic ambition of South Carolina's chief executive:

It is his regret, I think, that he is himself too old to join the fighting forces; but his term of office will expire in January, 1919, and I have his word for it that he will offer himself at that time for war service of some kind—wherever he may be needed.



SERGEANT JOHN ADGER MANNING



CAPTAIN WILLIAM SINKLER MANNING



CORPORAL BURNELL DIAS MANNING



MAKING SURGICAL DRESSINGS AT THE AID'S NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS

The American Girls' Aid *and* Its Founder

Activities of an Organization Which Collects Clothing for Distribution Among the Victims of the War Overseas

By MARY EVERETT CARROLL

ABROAD twice a year since 1914—each trip in the interest of a unique relief work—is the record of Mrs. Gladys Hollingsworth Attwood, founder and active head of the American Girls' Aid. Between whiles, she is to be found, daily, at her desk in the Aid's New York headquarters, 293 Fifth Avenue. It was there I met her, a charming, dark-haired, dark-eyed, graceful woman, with a radiant smile at once magnetic and attractive. Her eyes sparkled and her voice took on the vibrant

the same "godchild." They are housed in beautiful chateaux, loaned by their owners to be homes for these poor unfortunates. This work of succor is carried on in France under the supervision of Mme. Piettre, wife of the Sous-Prefect of Abbeville. Since their origination of this plan, the American Girls' Aid has been instrumental in finding "godmothers" for three hundred and fifty-two orphans.

In the Fifth Avenue workrooms, surgical dressings are made for shipment to hospitals in France; and new materials are fashioned into dresses and underwear for the orphans. Patterns for these clothes are furnished to anyone who wishes to participate in the work in this way. Up to date, the organization has shipped something over 10,600 cases of clothing and other supplies to the war sufferers in France, besides the cash gifts to the Relief Fund, which has reached a sum of \$138,076.44. The American Girls' Aid is working under the patronage of the American Chamber of Commerce, Paris, and their work has the approval and sympathy of the Belgian Relief Committee.

All of these facts were impressed upon me before my charming informant consented to talk about herself and how she came to inaugurate this wonderful work.

When the war broke out in 1914, Mrs. Attwood, who was



THE OFFICE AND SHOP

note of enthusiasm when she launched into a description of the organization's work.

Founded originally for the collection of clothing for the relief of the war's victims in France, its activities have come to include accomplishments of a much wider scope. The "god-mother" plan, which embraces the sending of six dollars a month for the upkeep of a war orphan for the duration of the war, is actively operated by the American Girls' Aid. Under this plan, the "go-mother" assumes absolutely no legal responsibility, and should it become impossible to continue the monthly donations, the Aid releases the donor from any moral obligation. In many cases several people join together in payment of the monthly sum, thus giving several "godmothers" to



PACKING AND SORTING ROOM

Miss Gladys Hollingsworth at that time (having been married to Mr. Frederick Attwood in Paris in November, 1917) was at her summer home at Houlgate, Normandy. She and her sisters, Mrs. Gaston Pinto and Miss Elizabeth Hollingsworth, who are now actively associated with her in the work, helped to take care of the wounded and refugees sent into the town.

During those days of chaos there was so great a demand for medical and surgical supplies that the hospital in Houlgate, which was formerly the hotel, received as its share only enough anesthetic for twelve operations. This hospital housed something like four hundred wounded, and but eight trained nurses were detailed to their care. The rest were volunteers like Mrs. Attwood, who, with her sisters, cared for twenty-five beds in the annexes.

Here is the way Mrs. Attwood tells it:

"I remember the first case I had to care for. He was a big black Senagalese, who, after having all his toes shot off in an attack, had carried his captain eight kilometers on his back. I was really afraid of him, he was so big and so black. Because he was supposed to have a very badly-wounded foot, he was given one of the small rooms in the annex. The doctor, making his first hurried visit, asked me to prepare this man's foot for an operation. Of course I was dressed in my nurse's uniform, but I had not the slightest idea what to do. Feeling that water and peroxide would do no harm, I decided to soak the foot, and in that way at least clean it. I took off the sock, and the sight of the foot made me quite ill. I had to leave the room, and this happened three times while preparing for the operation. I decided then that I could never be a nurse, and altho I have seen and dressed many worse wounds since that time, I have never felt it so keenly. I always look back at that first one as the most horrible one I ever knew.

"Many of these men who were the first received from the battle of Charleroi, told us of the way in which that town was taken by the Germans. It seems that after several futile attempts to cross the bridge leading into Charleroi, the German army collected a large number of women and children and marched these before them across the bridge. The French, refusing to fire on their own people, could not hold their positions and the enemy entered the town.

"It was then that we became interested in the conditions of the women and children who had been driven from their homes, and many pitiful tales were told to us of the sad plight and condition in which they were found. Trouville, an adjoining town, and a very famous watering place, on the northern coast of Normandy—it is only a few kilometers from Houlgate—was notified that a thousand refugees would be sent there early in September. My sisters and I went there to witness the arrival, and we were horrified at the condition they were in. Many of the children were barefoot, and some of the women who had escaped in the night were very scantily clad. A baby had been born on the train during their voyage, which was passed in an overcrowded cattle car. The mother died and the child was adopted by someone in Trouville.

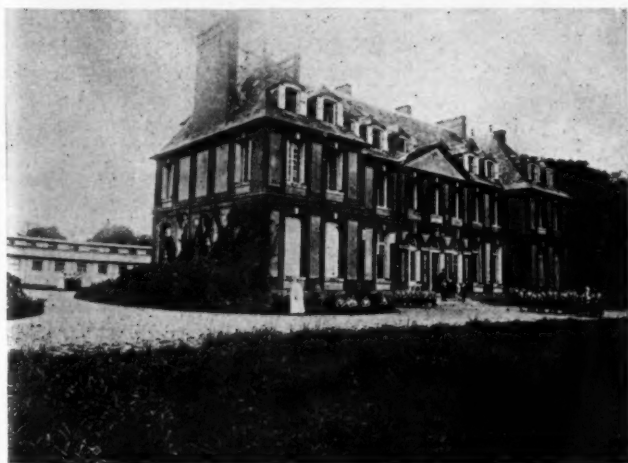
"It was then that an appeal was sent broadcast for clothing for these people, and when Houlgate was notified that two hundred refugees would be sent there within a few days, we were the first to start a collection of clothing for them. The schoolhouse and several garages were taken to house these people. Straw was placed on the floors of the garages, which were used as dormitories, the schoolhouse serving as a refectory. Just



MRS. GLADYS HOLLINGSWORTH ATTWOOD
At her desk in the office

before the arrival of these people my father came from America, and as one could hear the cannon in Houlgate, and the Germans at the time were advancing along the Marne, we decided to leave for the States. My sister Elizabeth and I were particularly anxious to remain in our work, but after consultation decided that we could perhaps be of more use in collecting supplies in the United States. I remember one of the last sights in France was seeing refugees in Paris—vast numbers of them, and unbelievably destitute. While on the steamer we devised the plan of soliciting clothing thru the girls' schools, one of which my sister had attended, and so we derived the name of the American Girls' Aid."

(Continued on page 475)



ONE OF THE CHATEAUX IN FRANCE
Loaned by their owners to house the war orphans under the supervision of the American Girls' Aid



GROUP OF FRENCH ORPHANS
They are provided for by American "godmothers." Six dollars a month maintains one of these unfortunates

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Contributed by Our Readers



WHEN the editor of the NATIONAL returned from his recent visit to the front, the burden of his conversation was the boys, *the boys*, THE BOYS! We here in America are proud of them, true, but we do not realize the things they are experiencing, nor to what stature they have risen. The raw country boy who had never strayed farther from home than the crossroads grocery or the district school has now the vision of the cosmopolite—or may readily acquire it if he keeps his eyes open. And that's a characteristic of the American lad, be he from country or city: keeping his eyes open. When he returns, how he will "lord it" over the poor unfortunates who stayed at home; and, ye gods, what a future citizen he will make.

Strange manners, strange customs, strange people; nothing escapes him, and it is only thru his letters, which, worse luck, are seldom lengthy or detailed, that the folks at home may gain an idea of his experiences.

The "Harold" who, in the following letter, pokes fun at the latest in German propaganda, is Lieutenant Harold K. Peterson, of Woodsville, New Hampshire, who, on March 5, 1918, was decorated by a French general for gallant service. The honor was entirely unexpected, and the young American wrote home that when the *Croix de Guerre* was being pinned to his blouse, directly over his heart, that organ was "making up for some of the times it had gone rather slowly in the front lines."

A later letter follows:

June 12, 1918.

From "Over Here."

Dear Ella:—Altho I received your letter of the 21st of April, while I was at school, I have never considered it answered to date, altho I have written to someone in the family several times in the interim. Today I received thirteen letters from the States, and among them was one from Gram K, dated May 17, so I am answering both in this. It seemed good to get mail today, as yesterday and last night were busy ones with us and it seemed while I was reading the letters almost as tho I was talking with you folks "over there" and could tell you about it.

Three days ago I was ordered up to battalion headquarters to act as gas officer, because the man who has this job is now sick—and I am still here. It's an easy job, and to be here long would make me lazy and good for even less than I am now. The captain was sore that I had to leave the company and went up to regimental headquarters to try to get me back, but I am still here, and since I have been here I have had plenty to do. This is my first letter since I came, and I usually can get out a letter a day, even in the front line positions.

I am enclosing what ought to be a very good souvenir for

you, as it just came from Germany. It is a clipping from the paper which the Boche prints in French and then sends over France to drop somewhere from its paper balloon. As luck had it, one of these big red balloons fell near here and was brought in here with a whole bundle of papers, so I got one as a souvenir, and as I can't save it, I am sending it over to some of my friends in pieces. The whole paper is German propaganda, and it is supposed to be telling the French people what the French papers are concealing. But, believe me, they are

not convincing very many Frenchmen. This is one of the latest things from Germany to arrive in the United States, I am sure, and I hope you will keep it for me till I get home.

Am in fine health. Just had a fine cold shower bath and feel great now. We are getting lots of great weather and I hope it continues for a good long time. Give my best regards to all my friends, with love and kisses to you all and Gram K., and a big hug and kiss to each one of those sisters, I am

Yours most sincerely,

HAROLD.

The following extracts are here translated taken from a paper printed in Germany entitled *Gazette des Ardennes* or *Ardennes Gazette*, copies of which were sent into the French lines by balloons. Mr. Davison sent home pieces of these papers to his friends. They are printed in French and are a part of German propaganda intended to impress the French people with the seriousness of their cause. They speak for themselves:

THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE.

Zurich, May 30, 1918.

The Paris papers announce that during the day of May 27 no fewer than twelve hundred shells were fired into the city of Soisson. Hospitals and ambulances were abandoned, and the civil population

hastily left the city. The wounded were brought to places of safety.

Paris, May 30, 1918.

The *Petit Parisien* declares that it is to the element of surprise that the Germans owed their initial success. They attacked with a strong numerical superiority at a place where no attack was expected. The *Petit Parisien* fails to state that knowing how to surprise the enemy is one of the first rules of strategic skill.

The Hague, May 30, 1918.

The famous General Maurice writes in the *Daily Chronicle*: "The great success that the Germans won last Monday has scarcely made a dent in the German reserves. The fact that the Germans know how to conceal their plans clear up to the last moment is a great advantage for them. General Foch was obliged to hold back his reserves in (Continued on page 473)

Marching Behind

By CAROLINE TICKNOR
(OF THE VIGILANTES)

"I'M marching on," said the Colonel's wife,
"Back of my soldier in the field,
His to command brave men in the strife,
Mine a weapon of love to wield.
To soothe, to comfort, to help, to cheer,
Those that the soldier holds most dear;
Gladly I turn to this task of mine,
To work for the women behind the line."

"I'm marching on," cried the mother brave,
"Back of my soldier across the sea,
He fights this country's cause to save,
He leaves a sacred trust with me.
Mine to keep burning the home-fires bright,
To serve and to save with a patriot's might,
That our defenders shall have to eat,
Beef and sugar and fat and wheat."

"I'm marching on," said the maiden fair,
"My brother's a private far away;
He's doing his bit with the boys over there,
I'm doing my bit with the ones that stay.
I'm training the girls for farm and field,
That crops may flourish and gardens yield;
For we must answer this nation's call,
And our abundance replenish all."

"We're marching—sisters, mothers and wives,
Back of our soldiers, brave and true,
Giving our strength as they give their lives,
Marching under the red, white and blue.
For us they are holding the foe at bay,
But we're holding behind, every step of the way,
Our men to nurse, and to clothe, and to feed,
We're marching on with this Nation's need."

Affairs and Folks

MANY stories have been brought back to this country of the popularity of General Pershing among the A. E. F. For while a disciplinarian of the most strict persuasion, he is, withal, so human that the "boys" hold for him a real affection.

According to Sergeant James McGann, who recently arrived from France, General Pershing is a "regular fellow." The sergeant told of how, when his regiment marched into the war section of France two months ago, the American commander came walking down the company streets, smiling and shouting, "Hello, there, my boys!" at the top of his voice.

"He took off his cap and waved it, showing his white hair," Sergeant McGann said, "and he wrung his hands, indicating he wanted to shake hands with each of us.

"A little farther down the camp street he met a very small French girl, perhaps six years old. Her father had been killed in the war, and her mother, dressed in mourning, was taking her thru the American quarters. When the erect General came to the child he stopped and shook her tiny hand with his finger and thumb. Then he whispered something to her that made her smile, patted her on the cheek and doffed his hat to her and her mother as he walked away. That's the kind of a General we have!"

* * *

THE hearts of fathers and mothers in America went out to Colonel Roosevelt and his family when the news came from overseas that Quentin, the youngest son, had fallen in the war. Confirmation of his death was carried over the lines by a German aviator. He was buried behind the German lines on the very battlefields where the American and French troops pushed on victorious to possess the now sacred soil where the remains of the young hero rest, carrying forward the triumph of the flag for which he so bravely died.

What a Spartan spirit was manifested by Colonel Roosevelt during the uncertain hours! Even then he continued to exemplify true citizenship, as a father who has given a beloved son to his country. One of the stars in his service flag was turned to gold; and to think it should have been Quentin!—the little lad I used to see playing about the White House in the old days when the staid affairs of state conferences at the White House were sometimes interrupted by his irrepressible and lovable pranks. It recalled the days of Lincoln when childish chatter echoed within the walls of the executive mansion, adding a human touch to the affairs of state.

Brief tho it was in point of years, the career of Quentin Roosevelt will remain an inspiration to American youth. But little more than twenty years of age, he proved true to that feeling latent in every American—a realization that it is not how long he lives, but how he lives that matters. In his short term of service he had already shown the daring spirit characteristic of the American aviator. There was no fear in his make-up. In those first days in France he was eager to do something to justify the faith of the father in his sons. The American people could not find just the words to express their sympathy. It was rather a silent emotion deeper than words.

In the great fraternity of fathers and mothers who have sons "over there," there is a mellowing spirit of democracy in the thought that nearly every home now has a real heritage of glory thru their soldier-sons.

* * *

SOMETIMES I feel I am the luckiest and happiest human being in existence. Everyone seems to be good to me, so I do not stop to analyze why I find friendships becoming more glorious as the years pass. When Mr. Arthur R. Black telephoned and telegraphed an invitation to come to his home town, Port Clinton, Ohio, I could not understand it all. When I arrived, he was fairly tearing up the streets of the charming little Ohio town, preparing for a real patriotic demonstration—and Arthur, be it said, is some demonstrator.

He rushed me out to Camp Perry, located near Port Clinton, and there I found Colonel Mumma in charge of fifteen hundred officers, being trained in target and gunnery practice before leaving for France. They were attending "school" with a vengeance, "cramming" as college boys never crammed for exams. The extensive proving grounds for expert gunnery practice on the shores of the lake are the largest of the kind in the country. Colonel Mumma, who has long been acknowledged expert gunnery instructor, kept his dream until he impressed on the government it was needed. The old saying of teaching the young idea to shoot is here preserved, for officers are taught to shoot straight and how to teach others to shoot straight.



Printed by permission of the American Red Cross, Paris

SETTING A FASHION IN WRITING DESKS

A strong glass revealed the words "Tobacco Fund" on the box held by the soldier on the left. Whatever additional printing appears is indecipherable

Many millions of dollars are being expended by the government on the proving grounds at this camp, named for Commodore Perry, whose effective shots led to an important victory and the immortal saying, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

When I faced those thousand officers learning "how to shoot," I felt that there were just two thousand eyes that had "sighted" me on the platform with a keen and relentless

"hit-the-target-or-get-out" glint. The officers came from nearly every state in the Union and that morning were strangers. Within ten minutes they had organized a glee club that sang like college boys on a lark. The one purpose mirrored in their faces was "I want to go to France quick."

At the Chamber of Commerce dinner later there was another speech, and everybody sang and enjoyed themselves, and in the evening at the City Hall the people of Port Clinton gathered and we had a wonderful time together. After the address all joined heartily in singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and they said it was sung as never before in Port Clinton, for even the prisoners in the cells below joined in the chorus. Everyone seemed keyed up to patriotic fervor, and Arthur Black had his way with all of us that day.

WHILE an enthusiastic crowd was swarming about Director General Schwab and Vice-President Piez at the last launching they witnessed on the Fourth (there were launchings from 10 A. M. until 8 P. M.), a grimy youngster chirped out:

"Will you shake hands with a passer boy?"

"You bet I will," answered Schwab. "You passer boys in the shipyards in this war correspond to the drummer boys of 1776."

OUT of the mass of poetry called forth by the world's war printed in the current files of the newspapers, some will live long after the conflict. The following reprinted from the *New York Times* is one of the best that has appeared:

THE VOLUNTEER'S MOTHER

He was so beautiful—my baby son!
His sun-kissed curls clung close around his head,
His deep blue eyes looked trustingly in mine.
I did my best to keep his beauty fair
And fresh and clean and dainty, for I knew
I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so strong and well, my little son!
I gave my days and nights to keep him so—
Called in fresh air and sunlight to my aid,
Good food and play, all healthful things of life.
I wanted physical perfection, for
I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so bright and clever, my big son!
I sent him to the very best of schools,
Denying self that he might know no lack
Of opportunity to do his best,
Or feel no door of progress closed to him,
I never could be satisfied with less.

And yet—but now—my well-beloved son,
For your perfection can I pay the price?
Or would I have you play the coward's part,
With selfish, shriveled soul too small to dwell
Within so fair a frame. Is that my choice?
I sought the best! Shall I be satisfied with less?

Nay, I would have you honorable, my son—
Just, loyal, brave, and truthful, scorning fear
And lies and meanness—ready to defend
Your home, your mother, and your country's flag.
He's gone! Dear God! With bleeding heart I know
I still could not be satisfied with less!

—SARAH BENTON DUNN.

As a sequel to the appearance of this poem the *Times* prints the interesting letter from a reader:

"Last summer my son was arguing for my consent to his volunteering in the Aviation Corps. Unconvinced on account of his extreme youth, I demurred. One day he brought me a copy of the *Times* and asked me to read a poem he had just discovered, entitled: 'The Volunteer's Mother.' It tells the whole story of our lives, mine and yours, mother. Now let me go," he said.

"I read the poem, I recognized that his desire was the result of his upbringing, so he is now 'Somewhere in France.'"

"That I might daily receive the comfort and inspiration those printed lines had power to bring, I chose five cabinet photographs of my soldier boy at the ages of two, four, fifteen, nineteen and twenty years, had them set in one frame, and on the mat below each of the pictures I had a local artist engrave

in exquisite Old English lettering a stanza of the poem. The initial letter of each has an appropriate illumination in color—first the baby's rattle, the drum of the boy grown older, the Hoboken Academy seal for the high school boy, the seal of Princeton for his college photograph, and beneath the one in khaki is a tiny, one-star service flag."

* * * *

IN Edinburgh, during my recent trip to Europe, I called to mind, on several occasions, memories of my friend John Daniels. And when called upon to respond to the introduction at the Conservative Club, I related my first experience with that doughty Scot. At a dinner in Boston, an eminent editor from Glasgow was announced as principal speaker. His distinguished mein and rich burr charmed us at first, but when he began to criticise and belabor us for racial, national and even individual shortcomings, there was a scraping of chairs, combined with very red faces. Finally, when the silence had grown ominous, much like the stillness that precedes a thunder storm, he launched into a description of a dinner at the Algonquin Club, remarking that someone there had prevailed upon him to sing an old Scotch song. He further said that he knew more about running a newspaper than making an after-dinner speech, but if they would overlook everything he would try to sing them a verse of "Annie Laurie," provided John Daniels did not mind.

"I will sing the first verse," he announced, "if Mr. Daniels will sing the second." After the conclusion of the first verse, no John Daniels appeared to claim his prerogative, so the Glasgow editor made ready to finish the song. While so doing,



Photo by Farrand, San Francisco

JOHN DANIELS

he pulled off his wig and attendant hirsute facial adornment, revealing the familiar visage of John Daniels. The disguise was complete, and the surprise at the unexpected denouement will not be soon forgotten.

Born in Glasgow, the son of Rev. Charles Daniels, formerly bandsman in the British Army, 76th Infantry, John Daniels

has for many years been connected with newspaper work in Boston. He was awarded the Medal of Honor for his efforts as Director of Social Economy for Massachusetts at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and has recently made a record as publicity man for the Military Entertainment Council Smileage campaign, representing New England. His splendid tenor voice is well known in musical circles; he is both a soloist and teacher of note. As an after-dinner speaker—Scotch impersonations being his specialty—he is in demand with various national and civic organizations. His latest connection is an associate managership of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau—which, by the way, was founded in Boston fifty years ago by another Scot, James Redpath.

THE great success of the Fourth of July Launching Carnival held in United States shipyards aroused enthusiasm for a repetition of the program, on a larger scale, to be held on Labor Day. By that time the mammoth shipyard at Hog Island is expected to be in full swing of production; therefore the Fourth of July record of ninety-five launchings should be materially increased.

During their tour of western shipyards, Director General Schwab and Vice-President Piez passed the word along and were met with fervent approbation everywhere.

While not intended as a publicity maneuver, the launching carnival on the Fourth of July served to draw attention to American shipbuilding with more force, perhaps, than any other occurrence. Besides winning expressions of amazement and whole-hearted approval from our Allies, the launchings evoked the following message from General Pershing:

The launching of one hundred ships on the Fourth of July is the most inspiring news that has come to us. All ranks of the army in France send their congratulations and heartfelt sympathy to their patriotic brothers in the shipyards at home. No more defiant answer could be given to the enemy's challenge. With such backing, we cannot fail to win. All hail American shipbuilders!

(Signed) PERSHING.

ON the eleventh floor of the Little Building, Boston, are located the "overflow" offices of the First Naval District. At the "Information" desk sits a slender, blonde, blue-eyed, sweet-voiced young woman—Mrs. Daisy M. Erd, senior chief yeoman, U. S. N. R. F. As I sat talking with her, she was interrupted countless times—the 'phone rang, a messenger sought a certain officer, a "Gob" (as the Navy boys are called, I'm told) wanted to know something about somebody—and always the required information was immediately forthcoming. Calm, unruffled, sure of herself, she told the exact whereabouts of Lieutenant What's-His-Name and Ensign This-or-That, without once referring to the card index close at hand. Easy to see, thought I, why Mrs. Erd was placed at the "Information" desk, for she typifies excellently the high grade of intelligence which the country's women are bringing to the country's service.

When the Navy opened its doors to women in April, 1917, Mrs. Erd was one of the first to enlist. At Charlestown Navy Yard, her success as chairman of welfare work among the boys was instantaneous and lasting. She won commendation from the "powers that be" for the rest room and restaurant she established in the Navy Yard for the women workers and the officers.

In recognition of her services and the good she accomplished in her welfare work, she was awarded the War Service Medal by Captain Rush, commandant of the Navy Yard. Mrs. Erd's sincerity, her enthusiasm, and her real liking for the boys amply explains her success with them. Endowed with a splendid memory for names and faces and that tact which, in another walk of life would make for social leadership, her popularity is easily understood. She is known by thousands of enlisted men and officers in all parts of the world, thru personal favors and her efforts in furnishing ships with music, Victrolas, comfort kits, jellies, etc.

Perhaps her biggest concrete achievement during the time she has been in the service was the organization and training

of the Hingham Naval Training Station Band, which has since become famous. She is a finished musician and a composer of some note. Her song, "We'll Carry the Star Spangled Banner Thru the Trenches," sold by the sailor boys in theaters and on the streets, netted some \$8,000 for the Naval Relief. These sales were confined, however, to New England. Now that the edict has gone forth forbidding Uncle Sam's sailors to act as salesmen, Mrs. Erd has put her song in the hands of a prominent music publishing house. Royalties from its sale will go,



Photo by Bachrach

MRS. DAISY M. ERD, U. S. N. R. F.

Senior chief yeoman, First Naval District, and composer of the popular song, "We'll Carry the Star Spangled Banner Thru the Trenches"

as heretofore, to the Naval Relief. In any event, the demands of her work are such that she was unable longer to personally handle the sale of her song.

While Mrs. Erd works side by side and actually on an equal plane with commissioned men, she still retains her "yeoman" rating. As yet there has been no provision made for commissioning women. However, the action of our sister nation to the north of us, in commissioning her nurses, would seem to suggest that the U. S. A. will not be long delinquent in recognizing merit, ability and service, regardless of sex. The work of the "Tommywaacs" in England, where they have performed almost every soldierly task except slaughter, indicates what may be expected of the women of this country should the need arise.

Mrs. Erd has no relative in the war, and therefore feels that her enlistment keeps up the traditions of the family, which

is of British extraction. In fact, the Colonel Hatfield of the British Army—from whom she is descended—who came to this country in 1812, was of the English nobility.

* * *

OFTENTIMES when I feel the "wanderlust" coming over me, I think of my friend, Dan Winget, erstwhile intimate of "Buffalo Bill." When a boy, Dan was with Colonel Cody on the plains, and still retains the frank, open ways of frontier days. In recent years he has been editing the paper at Clinton, Iowa, called *The Merry War*, and it is a "merry war," for Dan still keeps a six-shooter in that office for all comers and comments on everything and anything with a free pen. He has written editorials and philosophic treatises, but his recent book of poems is the pride of his friends. They have the right ring, and have been very potent in awakening patriotic fervor. Dan Winget is a fighter thru and thru, and has a devotion for the flag that is neither spoken in mumbled tones nor written in jumbled phrase.



DAN WINGET

His latest little book is a gem of personal philosophy and poetic fancy. The tribute to "Buffalo Bill," his old partner, and the verse, "A Happy Hunting Ground," reveals the tender comradeship of the plainsman. But Dan's spirit is restless unless he can write something about Old Glory, and he closes the book with his tribute to "The Never Was," describing a young slacker, who had sneered at the story of an old veteran telling of Pickett's Charge, "Why, old man, that's ancient history—you're a has-been." The retort is found in the title "The Never Was."

Collected under the title of "Just Stuff," the reader enjoys the refreshing individuality of the "stuff" and hopes that Dan will keep his old pipe burning and reel out more of this real stuff. Dan has sounded the depths and knows the value of friendships, for he has truly lived in the house by the side of many a trail and proven himself "a friend to man."

* * *

THERE is a periodical called *Impressions* printed in Edinburgh, Scotland, which has been coming to the editorial desk with gratifying regularity, the lurking U-boats notwithstanding. It is made up principally of the comments of its editor, Mr. G. E. Whitehouse, altho there frequently appears an article on a pertinent subject by some British or American business authority. For the magazine treats almost exclusively of business and business methods, faithfully mirroring conditions and opinions of affairs in Great Britain. I'm told that it has a subscription list in this country almost as large as that overseas.

Whitehouse wrote me recently, saying that he had been asked by the Ministry of Information to write a message, a special message, for insertion in American periodicals with circulation in those quarters where his name is likely to be known.

So here is the message:

FROM AN
ENGLISHMAN IN SCOTLAND
TO
AMERICANS

What are we fighting for—you from U. S. A., and we from England and Scotland and Wales and the Dominions, by no means forgetting those brave allies in Europe, France, Italy, and the stalwart little peoples of the Near East?

What are we fighting for? Between you and me there is no need for idiomatic niceties. We can talk plainly with perfect understanding of both language and temperament.

We are fighting because no self-respecting person or nation can help

it. We don't like fighting; you don't like it. Both of us would keep out of it if we honorably could. Records prove this—tho we don't need to trace and quote all of them—we know the facts. We have a duty to ourselves and our kiddies and their kiddies, and we carry out that duty cheerfully, tho the process be grim and arduous.

We have to fight because the liberty we love would not be worth our love and adulation if we can't stand up and defend it when those whose spirit is only expressed in mechanical terms insult us with their inhuman arrogance made of steel and iron.

We fight because our sacred rights are and must be inviolable against a terrorism which, if it could succeed, would make life unbearable to those who love liberty.

And so side by side—you from America and we here in Britain—will range ourselves with the oppressed of Europe to make the world cleaner, to purge it of arrogance, to build for our sons a monument of real liberty whatever the sacrifice may be, for no effort is too great for a principle that is greater than life itself.

We will fight with our personal strength, our organization, our ships, our factories, our money, and our souls, and may God help the right.

G. E. WHITEHOUSE,
76 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.



HON. JOSEPH W. FOLK
Former Governor of Missouri and recently nominated to a United States
Senatorship by the Democrats of that State

AMONG the many striking features connected with the national ship-launching day exercises on the Fourth were the novel forms of invitations to launchings adopted by various shipbuilding plants.

At the Ecorse plant of the Great Lakes Engineering Works, the honor of inviting guests to the launching of three vessels on the Fourth was left to the men of the works. The men selected a committee of employees, which drew up a form of invitation. This invitation read:

The committee of employees of the Ecorse Plant of the Great Lakes Engineering Works cordially invites you and your guests to be present

To Our Unknown Dead in Flanders



THE LITTLE WOODEN CROSS

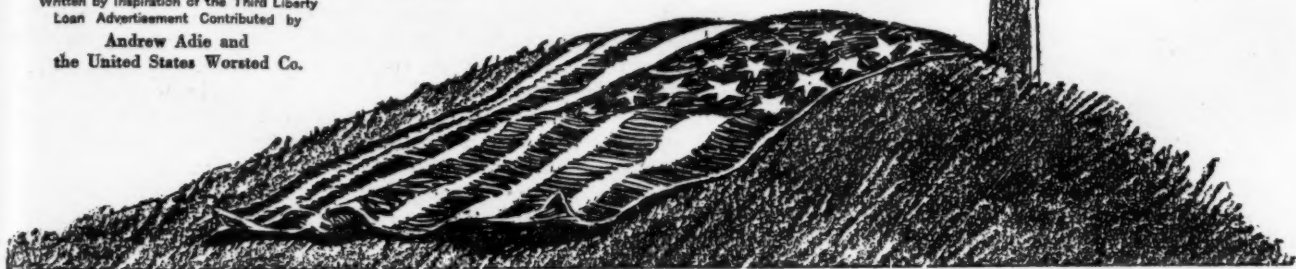


"Over the Top"—and "Beyond" Went He;
Guardian, Savior of Liberty!
God Hath Called to the Higher Reign:
Children's Children Shall Bless His Name!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Samuel E. Martin

Written by Inspiration of the Third Liberty
Loan Advertisement Contributed by
Andrew Adie and
the United States Worsted Co.



AS THE LIBERTY LOAN ADVERTISEMENT, DESCRIBED BELOW, APPEARED THE SECOND TIME IN THE NEWSPAPERS

on Thursday morning, July Fourth, 1918, at 8.30, at the initial start of "Three Messages to the Kaiser."

On the other side of the card bearing this unusual invitation, this is printed:

Each message is two hundred and sixty-five feet long, composed by shipbuilder soldiers to the tune of "Our steel against the Kaiser's steal." These messages will cross the Atlantic and carry our greetings to the frontline men from the second line of national defense. They will carry the food you have saved, the wool you have not used, the fats for warmth in winter, guns and shells to fight with, and ambulances bought with money you have subscribed.

The Fourth of July is our great day which marks our winning of national freedom, and this year it comes to us with tremendous meaning as our country is again fighting for its right to be a free nation.

The committee was composed of Richard Mackeldey, Albert Belkey, Robert Bruce, Albert R. Heuer, John F. Strong and Robert White.

* * * *

DURING the Third Liberty Loan campaign, the newspapers and magazines of the country carried page after page of advertising contributed by various patriotic organizations and individuals in aid of the great cause. One, which perhaps evoked the most widespread comment, was that which appeared first in the *Boston Post* of Thursday, April 18, 1918, the contribution of Andrew Adie and the United States Worsted Company. Several times thereafter it was given publication, in combination with the several poems which the picture at the top of the page inspired. The page as it originally appeared carried the picture and the following text:

He was not different from your own boy. I watched him that crisp October afternoon, swinging along the boulevard with his comrades, en route to camp, with mingled thankfulness and pride. Then came word of his sailing. Then his cable of arrival. At infrequent intervals thru the long winter, his letters. Then silence. . . . Sometimes now I awake in the night to find myself whispering his name. I cannot believe it true that he has gone! Least of all can I believe it true that somewhere beneath the harried and heroic soil of France his breathless body lies.

His few letters, so well-remembered and so precious now, seem to give denial of his end. Of his like I have no more to give. My own frail powers are weary with their years. But in his name and spirit I still may serve the cause for which he gave his all. I still may aid that brave array of manhood and of valor which is the true frontier of our embattled native land.

The United States Government bonds of the Third Liberty Loan are my agency of service. They never can seem to me to be made up merely of dollars. They are ships, food, supplies, equipment, care—the very means and material of victory. They are the power and wrath behind the sword we wield. Oh, you fathers who have sons in France or in the camps here at home, help them "carry on." You others who have neither sons nor self to give, how boundless is your debt! Buy your country's bonds—from your plenty or your mite, buy them! Buy them that our crusade prosper, or our dead have died in vain.

Andrew Adie came to the United States from Scotland twenty-six years ago. He knew no one in this country, but brought a letter of introduction to President McKinley. The kindly words of welcome and advice from the gentle McKinley will never be forgotten by the Scot, and from that day forth his enthusiasm for America waxed strong and flourished. Mr. Adie is president of the United States Worsted Company, one of the largest and most successful concerns in New England. He is also interested in many other enterprises and is proprietor and originator of the famous Good Shepherd Yarn. Its exquisite quality has appealed to home knitters, and it is deservedly popular thruout the United States and Canada. Mr. Adie is prominent among business circles in Boston, and is a leader in every movement that carries a patriotic stamp.

* * * *

APLAY with music," read the billings of "Head Over Heels," Henry W. Savage's latest vehicle for Mitzi—who, by the way, has curtailed the Hajos for humanitarian purposes. It was hard to let fall trippingly off the tongue. The production itself offers something more than the usual conglomeration of tune and patter and dance and scenery and costumes—or dearth of the latter—which go to the making of the genus musical comedy. Of course any piece with Mitzi attached to it must, of necessity, be a comedy, because to cast Mitzi in a lachrymose role would be like playing a Caruso record on a "premium" graphophone. Just isn't done!



ANDREW ADIE

Mitzi makes us laugh again with her inimitable fooleries and her happy faculty for making herself irresistibly ludicrous. Mitzi can sing; Mitzi can dance; Mitzi can "comedienne"—we've all learned to know the Mitzi brand of these qualifications—but in "Head Over Heels" she expands her already astounding versatility by startling agility in acrobatic stunts. For in the play she belongs to the famous Biaminetti family of acrobats, who, as she explains, all had "different mothers and fathers."

She comes to America in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp of the

male persuasion, who had traveled thru Europe, collecting the photographs—and hearts—of every girl he met, including Mitzi. This sprightly maiden, however, is quickly consoled by "Stringbean," the lawyer-partner of the philanderer. Signor Bambinetti and Squibbs, the one hundred per cent American press-agent, hasten the inevitable I-don't-want-to-ever-see-you-again episode by publishing the lawyer's letters to Mitzi, and the lovers are hopelessly estranged. Mitzi becomes a star, but stellar heights are empty and cold without her beloved "Stringbean." The denouement returns him to her arms, after



Photo by Marceau, Boston

MITZI AND ROBERT EMMETT KEANE
In "Head Over Heels," Henry W. Savage's new play with music

she has furnished proofs of her blamelessness in "black and white"—altho I believe the ink in which the incriminating confession was penned did happen to be blue.

Nothing heavy or dull about "Head Over Heels"—not even Bambinetti himself, in his "Apollinaris" regalia, tho he must be the "heavy," if anybody is.

Mitzi, as is her habit, sings several songs which have caught on. I'm not sure but what the popular choice lies between "Every Bee Has a Bud of Its Own" and "Funny Little Something." What I consider the most haunting bit of melody completely defies identification. I can hum it; I can almost sing it, but I'll be blessed if I can find a title on the program that seems to fit it. Mitzi sang, or rather half hummed and half yodeled it at two distinct periods of both acts.

While comely Mitzi was laugh-producer-in-chief, Robert Emmett Keane (what nationality is a man with a name like that?) as Mr. T. Anthony Squibbs, was, to borrow our British cousins' most enthusiastic term of approbation, "not half bad." And Signor Bambinetti (Charles Judels) with his me-und-gott tactics, created many an outburst of merriment all his own.

The book and lyrics of "Head Over Heels" were written by Edgar Allan Woolf, suggested by Lee Arthur's dramatization of Nalbro Bartley's story, "Shadows," and the tuneful score is the work of Jerome Kern. The piece opened at the Tremont Theater, Boston, early in the summer, and with the exception of a brief vacation, continued there thruout the season.

* * * *

LAST summer, while on a whirlwind tour of New York state under the Redpath Chautauqua banner, I made a point of visiting brother editors in every town and city where we

stopped. At Cooperstown, New York, redolent with memories of the "Leatherstocking Tales," I varied the program by meeting a sister editor—or is it editress?—in the splendid offices of the Crist Publishing Company, the home of *American Motherhood Magazine*. I had often heard of Mrs. Della Thompson Lutes; knew her to be especially successful in her line of work and a short story writer of increasing power and popularity. I remember her gracious manner as she greeted the wayfarers and conducted us proudly thru her sanctum.

Today a book came to my desk, a book bearing her name on the title page. I opened it and forthwith lost myself in her telling of the old, the human story of a mother's sacrifice. "My Boy in Khaki" (Harper & Brothers, New York) is a simple chronicle of a mother's love for her boy—her boy who was one of forty to volunteer for the country's service out of a little village of twenty-five hundred. Mrs. Lutes speaks with the voice of millions of mothers the world over. Her book is a history of the household behind the service flag—such households whose members are legion in this country today.

Courage of the highest degree breathes thru the book, which will undoubtedly become the Bible of those who have joined the vast fraternity of mothers whose sons are represented by a "star." Baby sayings and schoolboy reminiscences recall the common experience of all homes, and emphasize the kinship of those left behind.

The book contains many letters from the boy himself, letters which evidence the brave, cheery spirit and splendid consideration for the mother which we like to think characteristic of our American youth. And here and there the story is interspersed with incidents of village life, and we meet other of the townsfolk, with their conflicting opinions anent the war, the



MRS. DELLA THOMPSON LUTES
At her desk as editor of *American Motherhood*

draft, the Red Cross and what not. The feelings of the mother who has given her all; the qualms and sick fear and awful imaginings, the suspense and the waiting that have been the woman's part from time's beginning, are all pictured faithfully, in a way only possible to one who has passed thru this Valley of the Shadow. Mrs. Lutes' book is rather "teary" reading; it inevitably brings a "lump" to the throat, but it will also carry a message of comfort, courage and inspiration into every home where the Service Flag flies

John Wingate Weeks—*American*

An Appreciation of the Junior Senator from Massachusetts

By E. C. MANSFIELD

AERICAN from head to heels and from skin to marrow." Thus did a writer who knew him, admired him and believed in him describe Senator John Wingate Weeks. His Congressional activity and action, as well as his public conduct and utterances during the trying days of national neutrality and since America entered the war, have confirmed the aptness of this pithy characterization of the junior Senator from Massachusetts.

Senator Weeks is a typical American. Born in the town of Lancaster, New Hampshire, he combines the Yankee virtues of horse sense, shrewd good humor, and sound, sane democracy with continental vision. He not only respects himself and his neighbor and appreciates the value in a democracy of individuality and personal independence, but he believes that upon the sanity and sweetness of the units depend the safety and integrity of the whole republic. It is still everlastingly true that the closer we stick to the old-fashioned ideals of political conduct and action, the sounder and safer will be the whole body.

Democracy, not demagoguery; work, not words; law, not language; performance, not promise; the common weal, not the common scold; liberty, not license; order, not outburst; reason, not rant; duty, not declamation—these are the elements of true Americanism; and these interpreted with good humor and a just consideration for the rights and opinions of his fellows have been the guiding principles of the private and public career of John Wingate Weeks—and translated into action have brought success—the kind of success that spells honor for the man and justice and contentment for those he serves and represents.

If the soil is sweet and the roots are sound, the fruit of the tree will be wholesome.

Captain Weeks was born on a New Hampshire farm, on a soil that has raised good men and patriots since New Hampshire has been a name; he worked on that soil and learned the dignity and duty of work and the essential democracy of sweat; and he received the rudiments of his education in the public school, that crucible of American democracy where the foundations of concrete Americanism are laid. When he was seventeen he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and went there from his father's farm, sound in body and mind, good raw material

from which to mould captains courageous. Annapolis makes Americans. It trains and disciplines the minds and bodies of its students; it graduates officers and gentlemen; it is saturated with the most heroic traditions of America, and Americanism is the breath of its life; and its graduates go forth into the national service with the knowledge that character and conduct, not birth and condition, are the standards by which American officers and gentlemen are measured.

In the eighties the Navy, to the popular imagination, was a negligible quantity; a curious distaste for even the essentials of military and national preparedness and safety was abroad in the land; and after two years of service, John Wingate Weeks and fifty-nine of his classmates were set adrift. The Navy's loss was the country's gain, for back into the nation went sixty young, vigorous men, trained to high ideals of personal conduct and clean Americanism, to leaven its life with their worth and efficiency.

It is always a hard job to keep a good man down, but it is a good deal harder to discourage or defeat a New Hampshire Yankee. Instead of going back to the farm at home, he went to work in Florida as a surveyor, running down the lines of old Spanish grants; and a job packing rod and chain and theodolite in the ooze and heat of Florida is one calculated to tax pluck and patience. John stuck; he needed the money; he wanted a nest egg; he had a vision of a home and independence; and he was learning the lesson that was to lead him into the hearts of his fellows, a knowledge of human nature that has given him his peculiar hold on men of every kind. Labor is a great leveler; toil is a great teacher.

Marriage, and a partnership in a Boston banking business were his next ventures. The most enduring capital that can be brought to business of

any sort is written in terms of character, integrity, honor, tenacity, a knowledge of men and an ability to command their confidence and respect. These he had.

He made his home in the fine suburban city of Newton; he was a good neighbor; he took an interest in his town, and his townsmen came to look to him for light and leading.

The average fellow who spends a busy day in banking and business is apt to let some other chap look after the affairs of his community. John Weeks enjoyed the rest and quiet of



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

his home as well as any man; he was not looking for new burdens; and he never voluntarily sought public office, but he had a strong sense of public duty taught in his New Hampshire home and fostered by his training at Annapolis, and when his Newton neighbors commandeered him first for alderman and then for mayor, he responded readily to their call. When there was a vacancy in Congress from the Newton district, they called on him again. From that day to this he has served the nation with honor, credit and usefulness in Washington, for eight years in the House of Representatives and now for six years in the Senate. The qualities that commended him to his neighbors in Newton and earned their confidence and trust brought the same results in Washington, and regardless of party affiliations, his fellow legislators learned to respect his talents, admire his personality, and have faith in his judgment and opinion. He has infinite patience and good humor; he has tact and courage; he goes to the root of the things he advocates in legislation; and he knows how to present them to his colleagues and convince them of their reasonableness and necessity. He dispels opposition by knowledge and good sense, and carries conviction by persuasiveness and sincerity that appeal to the intelligence and duty.

* * *

His work has been done modestly and without the blare of trumpets, but it has been tremendously effective. In the House he was the moving power behind the bill for the protection of migratory and insectivorous birds, designed to reduce the eight-hundred-million-dollar annual loss to agriculture from insect pests. He never advertised it. When chairman of the Postoffice Committee of the House he put thru a Postal Savings Bank Bill, which was workable and calculated to safeguard the depositors and protect the government. He never advertised that, either. His sanity, experience, shrewdness and common sense have been a decisive factor in financial legislation. In the consideration of such measures he has always been a patriot, never a partisan. As a member of the Monetary Commission in 1908 he had much to do with pulling out of the struggles of the warring financial theorists the Emergency Currency Bill, which averted a panic in August, 1914; and it was the work of John W. Weeks in 1916, in the Senate, that saved the Federal Reserve Act and made a practicable law out of the crazy panic breeder that the administration had tried to push thru Congress.

Mr. Weeks is not an orator; he can talk when it is necessary, and he carries conviction by knowledge and candor. His work is neither spectacular nor melodramatic; it is legislation that endures, that brings peace to industry and security to business. A shrewd, kindly, level-headed, self-respecting Yankee, devoted to his country and faithful to his duties and responsibilities, his education and training have taught him that law, order and discipline are as essential to the progress and prosperity of the nation, as financial sanity and social peace are to its commercial and industrial success.

He has never lost his love for his first profession—the sea. Years ago he joined the Massachusetts Naval Reserve, when he could ill spare the time from the duties and responsibilities of his business; it was practical patriotism, giving to the state

and nation some of the training and experience the republic had given him, that some bit of preparation might be made for the stormy days that lay in the future.

He gave his services in the Spanish War, acquiring the title of "Captain," which he loves. When Vera Cruz was invaded in 1914 he again offered himself to the country; and since the declaration of war with Germany, no man in or out of Congress has given more or better service to America. In every crisis he has helped to frame the military and financial legislation that has produced such great results; his financial knowledge and military experience have been invaluable, and he has labored unceasingly for the honor and success of the country, without considering who might get political credit out of his work. He has played the part of the patriot, forgetting party success and ignoring partisan advantage in the hour of the country's trial, but it would be unfair to a man of his old-fashioned principles of Americanism to say that he approves of all the hurried and ill-constructed legislation the war has called into existence. He is a thoro-going believer in giving full and unhampered powers to the President to wage and win the war; but he is not disposed to forget that his duty and loyalty are to the country and constitution first. The broad powers given to the President are not also for every Cabinet officer and underling of the Administration. His sense of political proportion is still keen, and he believes that the powers of the House and Senate must be kept alive and working if this co-ordinate branch of the government is not to degenerate into a mere registering machine of the White House. It is just as important to preserve democracy in America as to carry it to the outside world, and when Congress surrenders its powers, forgets its responsibilities, and effaces itself, it is neither loyal to country nor faithful to the constitution it has sworn to obey.

Senator Weeks believes in a proper congressional supervision of war work, since the country and the government have no supermen, to the end that while all the billions shall be spent, the nation's success demands not a dollar shall be given to waste, extravagance, or fictitious necessities. This is the highest type of patriotism, and one that it is difficult to pursue in the face of clamor and misrepresentation, yet upon the hardy maintenance of this courageous course the prevention of many mistakes and evil lies.

And let us not forget another contribution he has made to his country. Sinclair Weeks, his only son, organized, financed, and trained a battery of artillery for service in our army before conscription made service compulsory, and this young patriot and his battery have been giving a fine account of themselves in France.

* * *

Senator Weeks comes up for re-election in the fall, and all signs point to his renomination and re-election by a great majority. It will be a fine thing for the state and for the country.

Whether he fights behind a gun, on the hustings, or the political platforms of the state, John Wingate Weeks will fight like an officer and a gentleman, with the tenacity of a Yankee, the courage of an American, the honor of a man; and whoever he fights with will know when the battle is over that he has had a fight.



FAVORITES

IN apple-blossom time I say—

And seem to mean it, fair and clear—

That of the twelve good months, the May

I deem the best of all the year.

Then comes the rose-wreathed, fragrant June,

All blossom-crowned and verdure-dressed,

And ere I am aware, full soon

I am proclaiming her the best.

I may be fickle, quite, I fear,

For while I still their charms recall,

Now with the glad September here

I deem her fairest of them all.

—Nixon Waterman

Palmer, the Penman

The Man Who Gave to American Schools a Practical Method of Business Writing

IF a man succeeds in making so well known the product for which he stands that it immediately suggests itself when a particular need arises, he may be said to have attained the end toward which all advertising is directed. A popular slogan is valued for this object alone. Thus: Kodak—Eastman; and Penmanship—Palmer Method. For years, in business colleges and grade schools, both public and private, the name Palmer has been synonymous with the safe and sane in business writing.

After taking a course in a business school, young A. N. Palmer left his native Manchester, New Hampshire, feeling fully qualified to launch upon a career as penmanship teacher. In those days the expert penman was recognized by his flourishes and shadings, and Palmer was past master of gorgeous chirographic ornamentation. Later he took an office position in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, with the Iowa Railroad Land Company, and it was here that he realized that such a system of writing had few uses in the business world. Cramped fingers and a stilted style followed in the wake of the only other system known to him—the finger movement.

Observant and quick to take advantage of his observations, he found that the best writers in the office—and the men who received the best salaries—wrote with a free muscular movement. They were conscious of following no particular system, but simply wrote in the manner which seemed to them easiest, most effective and least wearying. This set Palmer to thinking, and the outcome of his conclusions was a determination to revolutionize penmanship methods.

By dint of hard work, he evolved a system which he called the muscular movement, and presented his ideas to the public thru a journal which he established for that purpose—the *Western Penman*. His system was free to all who cared to practice the drills described and illustrated therein. This journal, under the broader title of *American Penman*, is still in existence—very much so, in fact—with a circulation of some twenty-five thousand, and his text-books on practical writing are published at the rate of two million a year.

As I sat at lunch with Mr. Palmer, he illustrated the first, or basic, principles of his system on the back of a menu card. Position of body, arm and pen being looked to primarily, he launched off on a series of up-and-down strokes, circles and continuous ovals—preliminaries to the development of a free and easy muscular movement, much as a musician must "limber up" on scales and exercises as an aid to technic. A restriction in the muscles of the forearm, says Palmer, means a loss of firmness in the lines traced by the pen.

He told me of his many years of struggle; his battles against prejudice—the same fight which every revolutionist must wage. His faith in himself and his method was finally rewarded, and penmanship, up to a comparatively few years ago fast becoming a lost art, has, thru his instrumentality, again come to occupy its place in the sun. While, in the business world, the typewriter has almost entirely supplanted handwriting for correspondence, the necessity for clear, legible

penmanship was never more apparent than now; business men asserting that even stenographers have occasion frequently to use long hand, and all other office workers who do not write legibly are greatly hampered.

Take the illegible signature, for instance. How much time has been wasted in offices and banks—especially in banks—where the paying teller and bookkeeper must be handwriting experts as well as memory sharks—in the effort to become familiar with the eccentric signatures of the bank's patrons—in trying to decipher the name signed at the bottom! And how deeply offended, nay, indignant, is the man who receives a letter addressed to John Smith when his name is Sam Jones—simply because his name, as he wrote it, had been read that way!

Palmer has some interesting things to say on this subject. In his magazine, the *American Penman*, he inaugurated a feature of illegible signatures—a guessing contest really—expecting it to run a couple of months until its interest died out. That was three years ago and the feature is running yet.

A sheaf of letters which Palmer pulled from his pocket further illuminated the discussion, and so impressed me that I asked permission to quote from them. The excerpts which I shall take from his replies are sufficiently explanatory in themselves to render unnecessary a lengthy description of the entire correspondence:

"I received from you a circular letter under date of March 7th," writes Mr. Palmer. "I am at this time particularly interested in the psychology of

illegible penmanship because there must be a special psychology behind the many illegible signatures that are made purposely. I want to study this psychology and the only way I can do it is thru the help of various business men of large affairs, who for one reason or another deem it expedient to attach their names to letters in penmanship which nobody can read.

"I feel sure, of course, that you are thoroly qualified to sign your name in a perfectly legible manner and yet you signed it to the letter before me in writing that cannot be read.

"I shall be very thankful if you will take a few minutes of your valuable time to tell me why you have adopted the signature you use, one that very necessarily requires the printing of your name on the typewriter in order to identify you with the letter written.

"I trust you will not consider this letter an impertinence. My excuse is that I am in dead earnest in following this matter of illegible signature writing to the mind germ which prompts it."

The recipient of this letter was "game," but disposed to argue in defence of the illegible signature. To what end, may be deduced from Mr. Palmer's comments, which follow:

"You say mine is the sort of signature which, attached to an application for a position, would indicate an absolute lack of individuality, and you say further: 'If I should take your letter to our employment department and ask one of our employment experts to judge the applicant by the signature, he would immediately classify you as (Continued on page 475)



A War-Time Convention

High Points of the American Osteopathic Association's Twenty-second Annual Meeting held in Boston

By Dr. R. KENDRICK SMITH

I WANT to express the appreciation of us all for what is being done for mankind by the osteopathic profession," said the Hon. Andrew J. Peters, mayor of the city of Boston and former Congressman, in his address of welcome at the opening of the twenty-second annual convention of the American Osteopathic Association at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston the first day of August. "May all of us here in Boston recognize what osteopathy has done and how much help it has given to us individually, and we are most glad to welcome you here. The greater thing that we want is to save our man-power, and the profession which has that for its aim is one which today must particularly appeal to all people. At no time has there been a greater realization of what your profession is doing for the human body than there is today. We look into the future, too, and see there the scope of your usefulness for widening and for proving yourselves of better service to mankind."

Governor McCall of Massachusetts took the occasion at

vention, and many surgical operations were performed daily in the amphitheater. The State Board of Health prepared an extensive exhibit, which was maintained thruout the week as an important portion of the convention. In a word, Massachusetts and Boston officially, scientifically, professionally, and socially recognized Osteopathy as one of the great schools of practice of the healing art, and extended hospitality to this convention precisely as to that of any other school of practice.

Meanwhile from the scientific point of view, the thousand visitors held their deliberative sessions, their clinics, and their specialty sections, crowding every hour of day and evening for the entire week. It was the most important and the most successful gathering in the history of Osteopathy. While the association is called the American, it is really the international organization, as Osteopathy is distinctly "made in America."

The osteopathic cure of so-called hopeless cases of juvenile delinquency was one of the most interesting and important subjects brought before the convention. It seems that the



the state osteopathic convention not long since to publicly acknowledge the benefit which he personally received from osteopathic treatment, but as he was absent from Boston at this national convention, he was represented by the acting governor, the Hon. Calvin Coolidge, who extended the welcome of the Commonwealth.

The treasurer of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Charles L. Burrill, represented the state at the banquet, upon which occasion a message of best wishes was read from ex-President Roosevelt, and telegrams were read from Senator John W. Weeks, Congressman George Holden Tinkham, Congressman Addison Smith, Colonel Paul Azan of the French Army, Major General Ruckman, who was then the commander of the Department of the Northeast, and Rear Admiral Wood, commander of the United States Navy in this district.

The Sunday preceding the scientific sessions was observed in Boston as "Health Sunday," the pulpits of many of the churches being occupied by eminent visiting physicians from distant states. In the famous Old North Church, from the belfry of which hung the lanterns of Paul Revere, the rector preached a special sermon for the osteopathic delegates.

The city of Boston officially extended to the convention the hospitality of the Board of Health laboratories. The Forsythe Dental Infirmary, the greatest institution of its kind in the world, held a special operative clinic for the Osteopaths. The hospitality of the Middlesex Hospital was extended to the con-

juvenile courts in Philadelphia, Denver, Seattle and other cities have officially installed Osteopathy as the last resort in those desperate cases which the specialists of the old school pronounce incurable. Osteopathic specialists from these cities reported results at the convention, and Judge Raymond MacNeille, of Philadelphia, came personally to tell of the remarkable results, bringing with him as an exhibit a little child who had been condemned by the old school as a blind and deaf idiot, but who was entirely cured by Osteopathy.

"Times without number boys and girls are sent to me to be interned in the feeble-minded institutions," said Judge MacNeille, "but after a little investigation I send them home and give them another chance. The work that the Osteopath did with this little three-year-old child which you now see before you, who was given up as hopeless by the medical profession, is indeed remarkable. We know that when once children are sent to feeble-minded institutions, there is not the attempt made that there should be to cure them; but I do hope from now on they will turn all the Osteopaths in the land loose on the feeble-minded and epileptics, and work on them whether they help them or not, because of the wonderful cures they have already made for the benefit of suffering mankind."

"It is my firm belief that there are many judges charged with the responsibility of sending the feeble-minded to those institutions who do so upon the authority of one or two doctors who do not know their business, and they are branded as

hopeless cases, whereas if they were first examined and treated by the osteopathic profession, fifty per cent of the children branded feeble-minded would be taking their place in society, and doing their share of life's work.

"It is your duty to continue the great work you have undertaken, continue your investigations, and you will soon demonstrate to the world that your system is the correct one in the healing art."

"I have satisfied myself," said one of these osteopathic specialists, "that a large percentage of the sub-normal minds in childhood is traceable to traumatic causes, actual bony displacements that are correctable, many of them at once, and many others in comparatively short times. An impeded circulation can be released that previously has actively prevented development of cerebral structure and passively caused an over-development of distant structure, as evidenced by such growths as the enlarged thyroid, thickened lips, distortion of bony formation, and numerous other pathological changes that heretofore have been considered primary, when in truth they are secondary to the cause of the brain condition.

"The acquired type of feeble-mindedness is the class with which we have the greatest concern, and the one in which we have found the cause to be mainly traumatic—correctable and saturated with osteopathic possibilities that will, with careful progressive development bring our school of healing into the light of its deserving and potential merits and in the plane of human agencies under the Osteopath forever indispensable."

Under the administration of President Judge Brown of

reports of cures are published from time to time following such treatment.

"I may say that absolutely similar cases have been cured by Osteopaths alone, so that in my mind it would be questionable as to the direct relation between surgical procedure and the mental state. I do not doubt that mental cases may have conditions requiring surgery, and I have no objection to it under those circumstances, but I do not hesitate to say that the principle of surgical procedure as a curative agent in mental states is as fallacious as that of drug medication."

Abolition of the artificial feeding of infants was urged as a war measure by one speaker. "The war has brought home to us," he said, "the appalling fact that too high a percentage of our future rulers are physically unfit and that too many of our infants succumb each year to preventable diseases. Much has been done in the last quarter of a century to reduce adult mortality, while among infants the death rate has been constant. Statistical investigation proves that the majority of deaths during the first year of life are due to disorders of the gastrointestinal tract—that breast feeding has the most favorable effect in all classes and that artificial feeding lessens the chances of life. Yet it is a fact that the majority of infants are raised partly or entirely on artificial feeding.

"Osteopathic physicians believe there is only one rational food for the baby, and that is the one provided by nature herself. This is the normal, the physiologic and, therefore, the osteopathic adjustment."

Inspiring the delegates to a climax of enthusiasm for Osteo-



Philadelphia, this work is progressing satisfactorily, and a large number of children are being given osteopathic adjustment under court orders with marked benefit. The famous Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver has also installed osteopathic treatment in his juvenile court with success.

Forty-six per cent cured was the report delivered at this convention as the total statistical result of osteopathic treatment of mental diseases to date in an osteopathic sanatorium maintained for this particular class of cases. "The patients," said the speaker, "included most of the important types of mental diseases as well as several of the rarer types. The results were the outcome of pure osteopathic work: that is to say, spinal correction and adjustment, since in no case have we resorted to drugs or surgery with those patients, and in comparing our results with the statistics in the medical world where surgery and medical procedure have been used, we have every reason to believe, as figures will show you, that the osteopathic method is decidedly superior.

"For a long time past it has been considered, particularly in mental troubles in women, that some form of pelvic disorder was a causative factor and that surgical correction of the same would be a curative factor. In analyzing our statistics it will be seen that we have handled successfully all types of mental diseases in women with the osteopathic treatment alone; similarly in recent times a great deal has been claimed for official surgery in connection with mental diseases and

pathy for human service and for osteopathic help in the war. Attorney B. S. Patterson of Chicago outlined as follows the great fight against Osteopathy by the old school of physicians:

"You are pioneers in this new development. You are facing hardships, and your professional dignity and welfare are embarrassed. You have opposed to you all of the forces which have gathered weight by virtue of time, and the medical profession is doing its utmost to destroy your existence. True, in some places it is friendly and in many hostile, and in order to set you right, and to show you why every one of us must fight I will tell you a few instances.

"While I was working for the Osteopaths at Springfield, Illinois, I came in close contact with the central forces of the A. M. A., and with Dr. Bevin, now their president. I was arguing for the extension of certain privileges to Osteopaths. I was after certain things for the profession in Illinois, and one day I asked Dr. Bevin this question: 'Suppose the Smith family has had professional relations with Dr. Jones, an osteopathic physician, for a number of years, to such an extent that they now repose much confidence in him and call him their family physician. Suppose a member of that family by mistake takes from the medicine cabinet some corrosive sublimate, and takes it internally; that she is in convulsions, and they call the family physician, and he responds. Assume further that the family physician is a law-abiding physician, and under the Illinois law has no right to give medicine internally (Continued on page 476)

Junior Soldiers of the Soil

An Army of Boys and Girls Pledged to Support Their Country in the Production of Food and Feed in Time of War and Peace

IN order to meet the demand for food which the world war and the needs of our Allies have put "up to America," it is necessary to utilize the nation's every resource to its utmost. Organizations of school boys and girls have sprung up all over the country for the purpose of devoting time and energy, during vacations, to the planting, cultivation and harvesting of crops. In some communities, business and professional men and women have literally "closed up the town" for days or a week, as the conditions might warrant, and gone into the fields to aid in increased food production.

At such a time as this, when the need is so great, the smallest unit of increase counts for much. So it is with the Junior Soldiers of the Soil Army, organized on July 4, 1917, in Des Moines, Iowa, by E. T. Meredith, publisher of *Successful Farming*—each "loyal comrade" adds his unit of increased production to the units of the others, making an aggregate showing of appreciable proportions.

To each Junior Soldier, if he needs financial assistance, Mr. Meredith makes a loan for the purchase of a calf, pig, sheep, poultry or seed for a garden or crop. In this way the farm boys and girls are given a personal part in the farm activities, and they are inspired, thru the pride which actual individual ownership brings, to do something and finish the job, thus developing habits of



in seeing these pictures reproduced on Edwin N. Hopkins' Boys and Girls Club Department page in *Successful Farming*.

Mr. Meredith has appropriated two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for this work, and of the tens of thousands of dollars loaned to boys and girls, the loss to date is insignificant. The Junior Soldiers are prompt in living up to the responsibility taken when

they sign their names to the notes. And this, too, is a part of Mr. Meredith's plan, for he believes that this feeling of responsibility will undoubtedly prove a great and beneficial factor in the making of the young farmer's future integrity and success.

If an animal dies or a crop fails, Mr. Meredith does not let the boy or girl go broke, owing the note, but a new loan will be made to start over again, enabling them to pay back both loans. This encourages these Junior farmers to persevere in their work instead of giving up discouraged, and shows that Mr. Meredith has unbounded faith in the honesty and integrity of farm boys and girls (this is a big feature).

Director Hopkins has a drawer full of letters, which read like this:

We are sending you \$6 to pay for the note. My brother planted \$1 worth of seed corn, and I bought a pig for \$5. I sold the pig for \$32, and my brother bought a typewriter with his corn.



HAMMIE WILLIAMS OF KENTUCKY
And his porcine pets



MARJORY ROWE OF OKLAHOMA



ARTHUR DUPRAT OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
With his purchase

thrift and integrity that make for good citizenship. The Army's motto is "Loyalty and Service," and every Junior Soldier understands the meaning of the words in their most active application.

In making these loans to the farm boys and girls, Mr. Meredith requires no security. Full consent of the parent is obtained, and satisfactory references, but the responsibility of payment rests solely upon the boy or girl who promises to pay the amount in full one year from date, with six per cent interest. A proviso is added: "If stock secured from proceeds of this note is sold before maturity, I will pay note at time stock is disposed of."

Of the thirty-five thousand and over enlisted in the Army, several thousand are girls. And while the girls for the most part devote their energies to gardening, many of them go in for hogs and calves. Thousands of the number enlisted have taken advantage of the loan plan.

The letters which these young farmers write to Mr. Meredith are proof positive of the success of his plan. They send in pictures, too, and the ultimate reward for good work done is

And this:

Enclosed find \$11.50. It is the amount I got from you to buy my calf. I also raised three pigs. I sold them yesterday for \$69.85. I went to a sale and bought me a three-year-old driving horse. I got her for \$70. You see my hogs came near paying for her.

Commander-in-chief Meredith encourages his soldiers to invest in war enterprises with the profits on their efforts. And many of them are turning their earnings into Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates, as one member writes: "With the money from the sale of pigs will buy all the War Savings Certificates I can."

In an effort to make the benefits lasting, an important part of the agreement when the boy or girl gets the loan is membership in the United States Federal Boys' and Girls' Club. This brings the young farmers under the supervision of the agricultural colleges, county agents, and club leaders, thru which agencies they are taught the most efficient methods of production, care and feeding of stock, soil fertility, and are given a foundation for future scientific work at agricultural colleges.

As in all human effort, there is (Continued on page 476)

People it Pays to Know

That Man Malkan—A Co-operator Who Co-operates

By WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS



PERSONALITY sketch is of little consequence unless the personality behind the sketch stands out. In other words, a personality sketch falls flat unless the man makes the sketch—not the sketch the man.

Men who loom large in the public eye are of necessity constantly before the public. But this does not mean that they have a monopoly on largeness.

Way back in the long ago, a boy stood on Hanover Square, in the Borough of Manhattan, selling papers. Other boys at nearby corners also sold papers, but, somehow, this lad stood head and shoulders, so to speak, above the rest. The result was that he sold more papers than any other newsboy in the city of New York—the reason being that he made friends. He made friends because he knew his wares. His manner was convincing, and, tho his stock in trade was the same as the others, his salesmanship was pre-eminent. In other words, by his sincerity and strict attention to business, and the fact that he did not cry out false "extras" in order to get rid of his papers, he was marked as a comer.

To carry enough papers under one's arm to meet the requirements of an ever-increasing clientele is almost an impossibility, as our newsboy learned. Thru the aid of influential friends, abetted by the capital he had saved, he started a newsstand. Like the business of the newsboy, the trade of the newsstand increased, and it was not long until it was the largest and most influential stand in the city of New York. The same methods which brought him success as a newsboy, brought him success as a newsdealer. For several years, his stand was the mecca of the influential men who liked to pause and chat a moment with the young newsdealer, imbibing a bit of his fresh viewpoint of life, and, while they received fresh inspiration from him, the young dealer in periodicals was receiving his college course in the School of Experience from them. Several years after the newsstand was started, our graduate newsboy found it too small to serve his trade. He also found that papers and magazines had a limitation, an ephemeral value, not only in a business, but in an educational capacity. His whole mind, however, as well as his training, dwelt upon things to read, so, inevitably, his next progressive step was to open a bookstore.

The history of his bookstore is a repetition of his former ventures. It grew, his trade increased, until today it requires

approximately seven thousand square feet of floor space to handle his retail trade, as well as an equal amount of space for warehouse purposes. And wherever men hear of books, the thought is associated with the name of Henry Malkan. There are many bookstores in New York City, as elsewhere. There are many book dealers, also, but altho the most modest and retiring of men, it is the man behind the store that is of real interest, and not the fact that he has the largest bookstore in the world.

His methods perhaps are not so greatly different from those of other business men, but yet, paradoxically, they are widely divergent, the reason being that Malkan's store is more than a store to him; more than an institution; more than a means of livelihood—it is Malkan himself.

The man who works for Henry Malkan does not look upon him in the accepted sense of a boss, but in the broader terms of a partner. Malkan has no set limit on salaries. His men earn what they want to earn—that is, to the limit of their

abilities. The new man entering his store is first sized up. It is ascertained what his living requirements are; if he be married or single, and then he is given a livable salary. By livable salary, I mean one sufficient to enable him to live decently, but not, of course, sufficient for a great many luxuries. The latter condition, however, is not overlooked, but is based on co-operation. Every salesman receives a certain percentage of each sale that he makes, and on these sales depend his getting those little extras desired by all. In other words, Malkan has established a co-operative system of remuneration whereby the limit of an employe's pay envelope is marked only by his earning capacity, stickability and perseverance.

This inducement to increase their salaries has resulted in a closely-knit organization, and, like the boomerang, it has reacted on the source of origin, to the end that the volume of business thus brought about has enabled him to claim to have the largest bookstore in the city of New York, and has proven that co-operation between employer and employe is of equal benefit.

The term vision, in speaking of man's foresight, is overworked by a good many at the present time, who use the term as a cloak to hide their guesswork. In fact, it is a handy word for general application by those who would be, but are not. (Continued on page 478)



HENRY MALKAN

With the Shipbuilders at Hog Island (Continued from page 451)

dredged from the mouth to South Street, and its shores are to be lined with storehouses to accommodate the big ships to come up from the sea. The shipbuilding program will make a new city of Philadelphia—increasing the population approximately a quarter of a million for the next few years.

The approach to Hog Island was spectacular. On the horizon tall rakish masts of derricks and giant cranes along the river front gave the appearance of a fleet of ships tied up at docks. On the left as you draw near stands Fort Mifflin, its ivy and shrub-grown barracks eloquent of the days of the Revolution and the scene of some of Washington's most bitter trials and sweetest victories—a fitting beacon of the spirit being built into the ships just beyond.

Hog Island is an armed camp. Guards in natty dark gray uniforms and wearing broad white helmets challenge every visitor—and there are six hundred of them. Military precision and precaution are in evidence every foot of the way.

Over eighty miles of standard gauge tracks have been laid on the Island, and over these long trains were pouring throngs of visitors for the launching. Flags were flying from a thousand peaks and the national colors stretched for miles. One of the most picturesque effects was presented by the long rows of luncheon booths arranged for the guests; yet the cardinal feature was the vast expanse of ways stretching for a mile and a quarter along the waterfront—in that direction every eye turned. It was there that the big business was being done. Every one of the fifty ways flaunted the national emblem, and in thirty-seven of them were ships in different stages of construction.

On the Administration Building, in large letters extending across the entire front were the magic words: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Leaning on the rails and looking over the fences were thousands of men clad in working clothes, each scanning the faces of the passing throng, and a polyglot crowd it was—with types of men from the ends of the earth, a heterogeneous mass being fused into a homogeneous force. Hog Island was not only building ships, it was creating new Americans.

It needed no directing mind to tell which ship in the long line was to be launched, for only one was in gala attire. On Way No. 1 was a huge hulk painted battle-gray, with dark green below the water line. The "false" work had been knocked away and she stood out clear. The national colors were on her bow with a large portrait of President Wilson on one side and one of Mrs. Wilson on the other. A streamer reached from stem to peak, from which floated the flags of all the Allied nations. Except for the absence of guns, she looked like a battleship. Directly in front an observation stand had been built for the convenience of distinguished guests—this, too, was a mass of red, white and blue. Leading from this and some thirty-five feet above the ground, a platform had been erected for the sponsor. Higher still were numerous stands erected for camera and movie men. Lenses, looking like guns, pointed from the front, on the sides, and in the rear—every movement of the crowd and ship was to be incorporated into a permanent record—a record some day to mark America's supremacy in shipbuilding. To the right and alongside, shut off by a high fence, was the wharf space reserved for guests, and into which some thirty thousand were crowded—an impressive civilian host!

In the center the Hog Island Band was discoursing patriotic airs. Beyond the docks excursion boats were maneuvering for the best vantage point, their decks crowded with eager throngs and the flags of the Allied nations flying. Five thousand of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with friends and relatives, had come up from the Broad Street offices in five of these excursion craft. Far across on the opposite bank of the Delaware onlookers had gathered by hundreds. These, together with the one hundred thousand gathered at the shipyard, made up the most representative collection of individuals which ever witnessed a launching in America.

On the reviewing stand there was a remarkable gathering of notables. They were from all over the world. Government officials, Senators, attaches of foreign embassies, representatives of nations and state, industrial captains, masters of finance, heads of corporations, naval and military officers, Shipping Board officials and prominent citizens were there—adding a touch of dignity never known on a similar occasion. Rev. Dr. William E. Griffiths, a veteran of the Civil War, and a representative of the *Ithaca Journal*, was the oldest man of the company. His seventy-five years of youthful enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he fittingly voiced the sentiment of everybody when he said: "I have seen some great launchings in my time, but never anything like this."

The real heroes of the occasion were there—scattered along the side of the ship, on the dock, on the stagings, or on the ship itself. They were covered with sweat and grime and grease their faces and hands soiled with toil; but they were the cynosure of all eyes, for they were the men who built the ship! I wanted to take off my hat, and grasp the hand of every one of them. I could but recall the lines written by one of them:

When Hog Island No. 1 goes out, the subs to dare,
By God! I'll like the feeling that I helped to put her there.

In all the vast assemblage none excited my attention more than four men in an automobile. They had been injured while working on the ship. One was Lee Mulvey, who had fallen ninety feet while trying to save three workmen thru the collapse of a scaffolding, breaking his back. He was resting on a cot so arranged that he could see his pet go down the ways. The other trio included Roy Thornton, with both legs in splints; Arthur J. Keon, whose ninety-seven-foot fall had resulted in a broken leg; and Delano Kennedy, a heater boy, whose leg also had been fractured by a fall. To see them was to reverence them as one would men from the trenches. The feeling of these men was expressed by one who said: "When I see her slip I shall be satisfied." A moment later and a strange light illuminated their pale faces—their dream had come true.

Another interesting personality was Captain Joe Gibson, who will command the first vessel to be launched from Hog Island. He, it seems, was skipper in the Standard Oil fleet for years, and the last tanker he took across was the *Edward L. Doheny, Jr.*, the largest of its kind afloat. In 1917 he had charge of the tanker *Wycco*, which the Huns torpedoed in the Baltic, at the same time taking Gibson prisoner. He was sent to Schweinmunde, from which he was released last October. To command the flagship of the fleet and to get back at the sea-pirates is the supreme ambition of his life.

And the guards! Yes, they were there! And they had *been* there, some of them, from the beginning. When the keel was laid, one of them, pacing proudly up and down, his Krag over his shoulder, said: "If anything ever happens to her, it will have to be over my dead body."

Yet who was not there? The President and head of the shipbuilding program was there; the hearts of the whole American people, one hundred million strong, were there, pledged to relieve the sea of the assassin's shame; the boys in France were there; the eyes of the Entente world were there—even Berlin was there, up to his usual tricks of spreading lies, one of which was that the rivets had been put in wrong, another that the ship was top-heavy and would capsize when she struck the water, and still another that she was heavier on one side than the other and would topple over when out of the ways. The spectacle a moment later refuted the malicious slander. No event could have struck deeper despair into the breast of the Hun.

The heat was intense and the humidity high. Men and women were falling from exhaustion as from machine gun bullets. Ambulances were clanging to and fro with the prostrated, yet nothing served better to illustrate the minute attention given to every possible emergency than the manner in which the sufferers were cared for, both at the Hog Island

Hospital and on the emergency ships in the harbor. As the moments sped on excitement grew apace. There was a strained, unusual emotion running thru the vast crowd, a high voltage electric current. It was almost as if a battle was to begin; and a battle was to begin—a battle between the greatest shipyard in the history of man and the ruthless U-boats of the seas; a battle never to end until the sinking of helpless women and children is outlawed forever.

Just at this moment a shout arose, to be caught in ever-increasing volume by the crowd. A train was being shunted by an A. I. S. C. engine to a track leading up to within a few feet of the reviewing stand. On the rear platform President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson were standing on either side of Mr. E. N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board. Shortly after the train stopped, Mr. William McMillan, who drove the first rivet, in behalf of the men who built the ship, presented Mrs. Wilson with a basket some four feet high and filled with long-stemmed American Beauty roses; and Mrs. C. A. Stone, on behalf of the directors of the American Shipbuilding Corporation, presented her with a bouquet of orchids. After a quick, informal reception with prominent shipbuilding officials, including C. M. Schwab, director general; C. E. Piez and Howard Coonley, vice-presidents of the Emergency Fleet Corporation; Major Case, in charge of the launching; Admiral Bowles, assistant general manager of Emergency Fleet Corporation; Charles A. Stone, Edwin S. Webster George J. Baldwin, Frederick Holbrook, and other prominent men in the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, and Mr. J. P. Grace from one of the oldest shipbuilding families in the United States. Mr. George J. Baldwin led the President, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab conducted Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson to the sponsor's stand. No sooner did they come into view on the high platform, with Mrs. Wilson in advance, than hats and handkerchiefs formed a waving field above the heads of the assembled multitude; and when the President appeared by Mrs. Wilson's side, the cheering became a tumult. The President was clad in a Palm Beach suit. The proverbial smile was on his face, and lifting his straw sailor hat, he waved it to the vast crowd, nodding and bowing in every direction. Mrs. Wilson wore a gray-blue gown, which strikingly fitted into the decorations about her.

The Presidential party included, besides President and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter, J. P. Tumulty, the President's private secretary; Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, and Miss Benham, secretary to Mrs. Wilson. The President was expected to speak, but made it clear that he was only a guest, adding "This is Mrs. Wilson's day."

At this point Mrs. Wilson was handed a wicker-covered champagne bottle—an artistic creation in itself. Its cord was of pure gold, and the bottle was wound about with red, white and blue cords. It was intended as a gift to her, and a souvenir of the occasion, yet the events which followed left little of it in tangible form.

In just three minutes after the arrival of the Presidential party, word was sent to the launching foreman that Mrs. Wilson had been instructed and was ready to christen the ship.

The supreme moment had come. A hush brooded everywhere. The only noticeable sound was the swish-swash of a crosscut saw thru the keyboard; yet it was the most vocal thing to which I ever listened. Would she go? Had the traitorous hand touched her anywhere? While these questions were running thru the mind, there was a slight snap—the great ship had started! Splash! Mrs. Wilson struck the wicker-covered champagne bottle a blow on the bow which sounded like the butt of a gun on the skull of a Hun. "I christen thee *Quistconck*," her clear voice rang out. Slowly, without a hitch, or groan or sigh, the great hulk moved majestically down the ways, and in fifteen seconds' time it was in the waters of the Delaware, making a low obeisance to the crowd. The pent-up energy of a hundred thousand was let loose in one



Holding Up the Nation's Defense

The telephone played a tremendous part in this Nation's mobilization for war. It continues vital to the Government's program.

At the same time it has remained at the service of the whole people whose demands upon it grow apace with that of the Government.

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It takes three to make any telephone connection: the person calling, the company, and the person called. Without the co-operation of all three the service suffers.

The telephone company can make the connection, but no words can be heard at

one end of the line which are not properly spoken into the transmitter at the other. The relation between the speaker and the hearer is the same as the relation between the orator and his audience. It cannot be maintained if the orator turns his back to the listeners or if the audience is inattentive.

Telephone traffic must be kept moving. Speak distinctly—answer promptly—and release the line as quickly as possible. Don't continue reading when the bell rings.

These seem little things to ask the individual telephone subscriber, but when the individual is multiplied by millions all over this country, it is easy to see how important it is that all should co-operate.



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crashing cheer; whistles of the river craft shrieked; hats were thrown into the air, and the workmen deliriously threw their arms around one another.

What I did in that brief time I can scarcely remember; my Panama looked afterward as if I had used it. Such pleasurable pangs will not soon come again as surged in the hearts of that mighty concourse. A new song was born, symphonizing with that of "The Boys Are Coming" entitled "The Ships Are Coming."

So vigorous was the blow struck by Mrs. Wilson that nothing save the neck of the wicker-covered champagne bottle remained in her hand.

"That was some smash," said a bystander, who I learned was a foreman.

"There's a blow in the nose for you, Kaiser Bill," shouted a workman.

The wine splashed up the arm and over the shoulder of Mrs. Wilson's gown, even reaching the President, who stood back of her and who moved away laughing.

Hardly had the great ship left the smoking ways before workmen had laid the fish plate, and a giant crane was lifting the new keel—two large American flags floating from either end—into

position. The band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner," yet for cheering it may be questioned if it was heard. When President Wilson saw this mark of efficiency, he turned to Mrs. Wilson and said: "Isn't it wonderful!"

When the Presidential party reached the car again, the workmen crowded around the President, calling upon him to speak.

"I haven't a speech with me," he said.

Again they called upon him for a speech. "I have been working so hard I have forgotten how to speak," he replied.

"Speech, speech!" they cried.

"Here's good luck to you," he answered.

Just before the train started he was asked to say what he thought of Hog Island. "Wonderful, what I have seen of it," was his reply.

Mrs. Wilson, leaning over the railing of the observation platform of the car, said:

"I'm glad I came. It has been truly a wonderful day. When the men presented me with a launching bouquet they thanked me for my services in coming here. I want to thank them for their services to their country. I cannot say



"We'll Stick to the Finish"

What They Say About Joe Chapple's New Book

Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy:

"It is just such human interest writings that appeal to us so strongly."

George Creel, Chairman Committee on Public Information:

"We'll 'Stick to the Finish' strikes me as being one of the best war books that I have yet read. It deals with people and things simply and straightforwardly, and gives a sense of actual contact."

Thomas A. Edison:

"It is extremely interesting, and I wish we had more books of this character."

George E. Vincent, President Rockefeller Foundation:

"I like your book very much. It is readable, informing, and full of the right spirit."

J. G. Zeller, National Biscuit Company:

"It has given me a great deal of information I probably never would have gotten any other way."

E. G. Buckner, Vice-President E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.:

"It would be a wonderful benefit to our country if more men could imitate you and make such a trip and become personally familiar with what is being done over there."

J. Walter Thompson, President J. Walter Thompson Company:

"I have read it about three-quarters thru, and it has taken me longer to read that three-quarters than any two books I have ever read. The reason is that it is so confoundingly interesting that after I have read a chapter I usually turn back and read it over again. It almost seems as tho I were making the trip with you. It is a bully book!"

Katherine Bartlett:

"It is extremely interesting, and depicts the human side of the war wonderfully. So many writers are smothered by the vastness of the thing that they lose the personal touch. You make it seem so real and near."

C. E. Osgood, President The C. E. Osgood Company, Boston:

"I thought I would steal just a minute or two from my work to look over the foreword, and then take the book home to read at my leisure, but I couldn't leave it alone; and had finished nine chapters when I realized that it was luncheon time. I hurried back to my office intending to clean up the unfinished work I had neglected to do, but it was no use. My thoughts were with you 'over there' and the book, and when my car came at 5.30 I had finished the last chapter of the most interesting work of the kind that I had ever read."

P. F. Sullivan, President Bay State Street Railway, Boston:

"I enjoyed your book exceedingly. For good measure I have read it twice. It is human and informative, and being so, should be read, re-read and digested. It interested me so that I first read it voraciously like one who is hungry at the first meal. The second time I read it—masticated it thoroughly, and then sat back and enjoyed it immensely."

"We'll Stick to the Finish"

"C'est la Guerre" (It is the War)

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

(Just Returned from the Battlefronts)

"WE'LL STICK TO THE FINISH" is not an essay. It's a living, breathing story of the war in the trenches and behind the lines. It embraces every war activity with first-hand knowledge, and deals equally comprehensively with the soldiers, the statesmen, the people of the war zones. The chapters on his visit to the British Grand Fleet and Queenstown Naval Base—where American destroyers have sounded the death knell of hostile submarines—are classics.

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J. H. Strongman, F. W. Woolworth Company:

"I started reading it last night and could hardly give it up to go to dinner. I took it with me to the dining room and was buried in it after dinner, when a friend came and took it from me. He got started and was so interested he carried it off to his room. It is intensely interesting, and I am anxious to get at it again. Mrs. Strongman read it. She is enthusiastic over it and says it is intensely interesting, and very well written. We think it will be a 'winner.'"

William A. Oldfield, M. C., Washington, D. C.:

"Read your book yesterday and enjoyed every line of it."

F. D. Waterman, L. E. Waterman Company, New York:

"My appreciation of your book is expressed in the following: Send me five more copies. It is the best war book I have seen."

H. D. Foss, of "Quality Chocolates," Boston:

"We are so pleased with our first glance at Mr. Chapple's book that we are asking you to send us five copies in the quickest way possible, that we may pass them on to our friends at the earliest possible moment."

Chauncey M. Depew:

"From so keen an observer and daring an explorer I received information that infused patriotic thrills that were felt."

The Boston Globe:

"Mr. Chapple went overseas principally to learn how American soldiers and sailors live and fight. But the book tells more than that. Life in the Allied capitals, chats with famous generals and statesmen, and sketches of the life of the fighting men of the Entente are included in the narrative."

George H. Barbour, President Michigan Stove Company, Detroit:

"Every time I get a chance I will shout amongst my friends that this is the book for them to have."

W. H. Thayer, U. S. Radiator Corporation, Boston:

"Your book has a particular interest for those who have, as I have, boys at the front."

Robert H. Sexton, Business Counsel Corporation, New York City:

"I think your book could be the basis of one of the greatest motion picture stories ever published. This is also the opinion of representatives of three producing companies."

Edwin A. Grozier, Editor and Publisher the Boston Post:

"I have read it with much interest and envy you the fine opportunities which you have had to view the great war at so close a range, and to meet the principal figures of this tremendous struggle. I understand there is some possibility of your book being offered for serial newspaper publication. If such is the case, I would like the opportunity of considering it for the Post."

Thomas Dreier, 61 Broadway, New York:

"A letter has just come to me from P. F. Sullivan, in which he says: 'Have you read Joe Chapple's book? A corking, human, informing book. I wish I had written it.'"

more, for I am the silent member of the family. Good luck to you all."

As the workmen continued cheering Mrs. Wilson, she began plucking roses from the great basket which had been presented her, and to scatter them among the men. This she did until the special started back for Washington.

It was a fitting climax! The delight of the workmen in the presence of the President and his wife; the loyalty they showed, the feeling of oneness with the head of the nation, and the ease with which they met him is a happy augury of the manner in which the ships will be pushed to completion.

The scene that will live longest in the minds of all who witnessed it was that of the workmen as they gathered about the President. There they stood, their greasy caps in their hands, their shirts smeared and open at the throat, their coats flung over their arms, their faces streaked and running with perspiration—yet it was not noticed that they fanned themselves—calling to the President in jolly yet respectful tones—this more than any single thing exemplified the spirit of democracy, the feeling between the common people and the head of the nation; a cordial relation which has existed from Washington down to the present hour. It was the truest and most typically American touch of the whole occasion.

Among the big ones at the gathering, none could outdo "Charlie" Schwab, as the men call him, in bubbling enthusiasm. "It is the most wonderful and inspiring sight I have ever seen in all my life," he said. "Men, women and children from every walk in life are gathered here to see this launching. It is another demonstration of the enthusiasm and whole-hearted support which the shipbuilding industry of the country is receiving thruout the United States."

To see him among the men, his "boys" as he calls them, is to find the reason for his wonderful hold upon them. His personality is magnetic, and having worn the overalls himself, he knows the workmen, gives them full credit for what they do. And on this occasion he paid handsome compliments to them.

Another man whose word re-echoed far and wide was Mr. Edward N. Hurley, who twenty-nine years ago was an engineer on a shifting engine in Chicago at thirty-five dollars a month, and now selected by President Wilson as chairman of the Shipping Board. He proudly proclaimed: "This is another milestone in the progress of America in the war against Germany." He declared: "It was no mere incident in the shipbuilding program that brought President and Mrs. Wilson to the launching. It was the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the nation."

Mr. George J. Baldwin, chairman of the Board of Directors of the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, was equally enthusiastic, and spoke one of the truest words of the occasion: "I must say a word of praise for the engineers who planned and supervised the construction of the yard and the vessels, for the officers who have carried the work forward, and for the men in the ranks who fought a winter as bitter as did their forefathers at Valley Forge. To no one man or set of men is due the entire credit of this colossal venture, but to the entire mobilized power of the nation."

Perhaps no voice carried a greater weight than that of Mr. Charles A. Stone, senior partner of Stone & Webster, the great organization which formed the backbone of the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, bringing four hundred experts from their organization to the field of action within ten days after the contract was signed—and under whose superb management it is going on now. I met him in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel after the launching. His usually calm and placid countenance was bathed in a new light, and because he usually says so little the words of this quiet gentleman had a strange significance. I asked him:

"Well, how do you feel about things today?"

"Very happy," he replied. Then added

quickly: "And I think President Wilson was pleased, too." Continuing, he said:

"Considering the contract was given only eleven months ago and the construction side of the enterprise is nearly one hundred per cent completed, and a barren waste less than a year ago is now a city with every modern convenience and a population of thirty thousand, we have made progress."

August 5th will ever remain a prophetic day. At the moment the *Quistconck* was gliding into the water, three giant hydroplanes from League Island were circling overhead; the message of the day from France was that our soldier boys were across the Vesle and firm in Fismes; on the land, in the air, and on the water America was forging ahead.

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Continued from page 456

order to be able to send them in when the right moment arrived. But he has to use these reserves with greatest parsimony, and he will, perhaps, be compelled to yield some ground which could not be defended except by strong reserves. It goes without saying that this giving up ground must have its limits."

THE ACTION OF THE SUBMARINES

Berlin, May 29, 1918.

Our submarines have sunk in the barred zone around England thirty thousand tons of enemy tonnage. Twenty-seven thousand tons have been sunk by a single submarine commanded by First Lieutenant Patzig, who has destroyed on the western coast of England, and especially in the Irish Sea and its navigation routes seven steamers and two sailing vessels. The boats sunk were for the most part English, among others four steamers heavily laden, of five thousand tons or more. In point of cargoes, these boats were carrying animals, metals and mining wood for England, as well as a great amount of parcel packages for America. An English steamer, heavily laden, in a large, strongly protecting convoy, was hit as it was entering port.

Sent by Sims to Queenstown

Continued from
page 444

lusty sons of the West, there was a shout that shook the rafters.

American sailors exercise a proper diplomatic restraint and show a becoming modesty in talking about the things our country is doing in the war. In Queenstown, civic officials and civilians told me they had never seen any action on the part of an American sailor which was not becoming a gentleman and true sailor.

In a jaunting car Captain Pringle took me to pay respects to Admiral Bayly at the headquarters on the hill, which commanded a beautiful outlook of the harbor. Why a jaunting car was ever made, I do not know! You sit sideways and just jolt. Nor can I understand why the little horse did not go up in the air when I listed to the left, but he seemed to be an expert in balancing things.

As I entered headquarters, Admiral Bayly, seated at his desk and smoking his pipe, was issuing orders, directing the movement of ships far at sea. When he had finished, he showed me an Englishman's love for his garden. Even while engaged in this diversion, dispatches continued to be brought. His orders, issued in a brusque manner, were simple and direct, not capable of being misunderstood, for Admiral Bayly is a strict disciplinarian. American sailors have learned to love him, for he is as just as he is severe.

Wherever you stop overnight, you must report



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to the police when you go in and when you go out. Every hotel register gives an account of those enrolled, and the police records and hotel registers must correspond. Down the hill is the constable's office, and to it everyone must go if he wishes to leave. The street is called "Pack of Cards," the houses on one side looking like an abandoned poker deck. The constable's office was in a barn, one flight up, and adorned with ancient pistols, to reach which you had to go thru the barn, where you were expected to show the passport picture album of yourself.

"Mornin' to you. You're a handsomer man than the last rogue we had," he said, in a rich Irish brogue.

At the hotel, before leaving, the little colleen with black hair and blue eyes presented me with some post-cards. When I offered money she refused, saying:

"Just in memory of a boy I know over there."

She cautioned me not to send any showing Queenstown Harbor, "for the Admiralty, you know," she whispered, "wouldn't allow it," meaning, of course, they were under the censor's ban.

Osteopathy as a War Aid

Continued from page 447

agencies have met, the supreme demands of the hour in preserving the lives of American soldiers.

How much longer can any organization, sincere and earnest tho it may be, exclude from the treatment of disabled soldiers that which they value in the regular pursuits of life toward conserving health? A lack of understanding, a belief in dogmatic theories must not be allowed to interfere. Osteopathy's practical methods in overhauling the gears and mechanism of the human body appeal to the soldiers over there who know what it means to have the various parts of a machine work well in order to secure effective results. The care of the body is as important as the care of your automobile. When the latter needs overhauling, you take it to a machinist, who, by skillful manipulation, restores its parts so that the entire mechanism runs smoothly. The Osteopath is the machinist of the human body; his skillful manipulation enables it to run smoothly.

The American Osteopathic Association has

Physicians Explain Why Women Need More Iron in Their Blood Today Than 30 Years Ago

Say Anaemia—Lack of Iron is Greatest Curse to the Health, Strength, Vitality and Beauty of the Modern American Women.



Less than a quarter of a century ago, little or no effort was expected of the average woman and her quiet pursuits demanded far less strength, energy and endurance than now.

DR. FERDINAND KING, New York Physician and Medical Author, says physicians should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency. Opinions of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and other physicians who have thoroughly tested the value of Nuxated Iron.

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard, and worn, should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency—administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women in two weeks' time.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical Author. "I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degenerated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of

Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

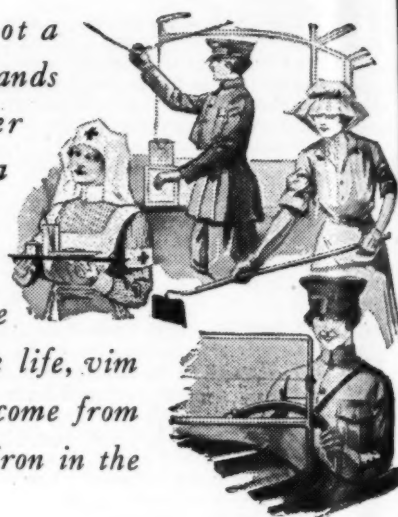
Dr. A. J. Newman, Former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says: "It has been my particular duty during the past six years to assist in keeping Chicago's five thousand blue coats in good health and perfect fighting trim, so that they would be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and ravages of nature's elements. Recently I was prompted to give Nuxated Iron a trial. This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Department), New York and Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable Nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron, which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in

Today there is not a woman but who stands ready to serve her country and do a man's work if needed. But to meet the strain she must be full of the life, vim and vitality that come from having plenty of iron in the blood.



dosing themselves with metallic iron, simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or, if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products, and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants, and alcoholic beverages, there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know of it. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists and general stores.

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continuously emphasized that Osteopathy is not a remedy or treatment, nor a branch of medicine or surgery, but a complete and independent system, even more extended in some of its applications than *materia medica*. All over the country they have established colleges and schools which send out thousands of graduates every year. Many of them are now in the army, and to prohibit them from practicing that for which they have spent years of training—the alleviation of human suffering—is not ideal democracy.

There is not a single state in the Union where Osteopathy is not practiced under the full warrant and protection of the law; in fact, there are Osteopaths on the medical boards in many of the states. The presidents of the Medical Board of New Jersey and Texas are Osteopaths. The story of Osteopathy is a record in American progressiveness that should be a brief in its favor at the hands of the Congressional Committee, whose duty it is to report the bill. These are times which scar the hearts and gray the hair of the patriotic nations of the world. War is more hell now than when Sherman created his famous epigram. Modern, barbarous, uncivilized methods of destruction are crippling and disabling thousands of our brave boys in a way which makes our hearts bleed. The frightfulness of an unscrupulous foe is daily inventing new tortures to disfigure and maim, if not kill, those who have the courage to stand up for the cause of right and justice. When, therefore, a patriotic body of men offers its services and skill to do its part in restoring to some degree the usefulness of those who are offering their lives upon the battle-grounds of Europe, there can be but one answer—give them a chance. That is all that Osteopathy asks—a chance to prove that it can do its bit. Whether or not that chance is given will not reflect upon the Osteopaths of America, for they are spending their time and money to get the opportunity, and if it is not given them, they will have known that they did their part to be of utmost service to the cause of Freedom and her pain-racked sons.

The American Girls' Aid and Its Founder

Continued from
page 455

And this organization, conceived in such necessitous circumstances, was, therefore, one of the first to bring relief from America to those so suddenly plunged into dire need. That the appeal for clothing and money, made at first by Mrs. Attwood and her sisters, met with an instant and large response, is attested by the rapid growth and expansion of the Aid's activities.

Mrs. Attwood's desk is in a light corner of the room called the "office and shop." All sorts of fancy articles, embroideries, linens, cushions, fine, hand-made blouses and lingerie, booklets and greeting cards, are here attractively displayed for sale, the proceeds going to the Relief Fund. On the wall are posters, mostly of French origin, inspiring the people of France to rise to some great national need, just as do our Recruiting, Liberty Loan, Thrift and Food posters. The room is long and spacious—looks as tho it might have been a ballroom in the "residence" days of the house. For a residence it unquestionably was, and a fine one too, as the woodwork and finish testify, the ornate marble mantels and fireplaces being proof positive of its vintage, despite the modernity of heating and lighting facilities.

The room where the sewing is done and surgical dressings made presents a scene of earnest activity, and in the packing and sorting room a heterogeneous mass of wearing apparel meets the eye, seeming to defy the possibility of order being brought out of such chaos. But almost in the time it takes to tell, the garments were assorted in separate piles, packed and labeled, all ready to start on their errand of relief.

What a wonderful work is being done here, to be sure, at this clearing house, this way station, where the cast-off, and never more than half-worn clothing of the moderately and really

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\$348 One Day in September, 1917. Ira Shook, of Flint, did it. Pierson of Montgomery started two stores since August, now ready for third. Higgins of Poughkeepsie started September 18, 2,800 packages first day. Studer wrote October 1, sold \$90 one day. This is a big year for popcorn crispettes—Kelllogg \$700 ahead end of second week. Meixner, Baltimore, \$250 in one day. Perrine, \$350 in one day. Baker, 3,000 packages a day. Bakins, \$1,500 profit in one month. We start you in business. No experience; little capital. We furnish everything; teach you secret formula; how to succeed. Build a business of your own. The demand for crispettes is enormous. Every nickel sale nets almost 4 cents profit. A delicious food confection made without sugar. High prices and war conditions help. Profits \$1,000 a month easily possible. W. Z. Long Co., Dept. N, 301 High St., Springfield, Ohio.

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well-to-do Americans are put in readiness for usefulness, and perhaps life-saving—who knows?—in suffering countries overseas. And for all this, Mrs. Attwood, with her band of earnest, enthusiastic co-workers, is largely responsible.

Palmer, the Penman

Continued from page 465

being one of three things, a penmanship expert, a tenor singer, or a poet.

"This to me sounds peculiar and does not at all prove anything. I know there are men who claim that they can tell a man's character by the bumps on his head, they can read character in his face, and they know immediately upon sight whether they can trust a man or not. These are not my deductions. I know some very sharp business men who have been greatly fooled by those who could at will assume innocent facial expressions while looking straight into the eyes of their auditors.

"My conclusion is that the only way you can read a person and know him thoroly is to watch him closely for some time, in work and recreation if possible. But getting back to the subject of penmanship, I wonder what your expert would think of some of the enclosed signatures? Of course, it is just as easy for me to write illegibly as to write legibly. You and I have sufficient skill with the pen to write any way we please, but I wonder if in the five minutes devoted to

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the making of the enclosed signatures, I completely changed my moral nature, my business acumen, and can now make a success of my life?

"This is funny to me, because all this talk about individuality in handwriting is, to my mind, just nonsense. You have probably worked harder and used more time in the development of the signature you are using than would have been necessary to have learned to write automatically a perfectly legible signature. Now the question in my mind is, if, the successful business man you are, you will immediately undergo a complete revision of business ability and will start on the downward road to failure if you write your name so that people can read it?

"The graphologists are writing a lot of nonsense. I read a great deal of it. As a fad it ran thru newspapers thruout the United States for a little over a year, and I have press clippings of newspaper articles written by graphologists which would fill a bushel basket. The fad is dying out. I see no more reason why one should work hard to write an illegible signature than that he should contort his face into painful lines when he is having his photograph taken.

"I know many business men who purposely have studied and practiced until they have finally succeeded in developing signatures which nobody can read. They are simply used as tokens to represent them to certain individuals who are personally acquainted with them. I personally know more failures in business who write peculiar signatures than I do such men who are a success. From my viewpoint it requires no genius in

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chirographic ability, or in business either, to develop what some are pleased to call individuality in handwriting.

"I know men who write upside-down and backward at the same time. Some might call it genius, but I happen to know that they wasted thousands of hours learning to write that way. If long hand is used at all, it should, in my judgment, be for the purpose of expressing thought in good legible characters, and if a man's name is one of which he is not ashamed, he should certainly write so that other people can read it.

"There are many forms of dissipation. Some men seem to find it necessary to go on periodical sprees, other men take their dissipation in hunting, fishing and various forms of sport. I recognize personally as a very fascinating form of dissipation, writing one's name so that it cannot be read. I cannot say that I do not enjoy this kind of sport. I do, but after all, I recognize the right of the fellow at the other end, and so, from an ethical viewpoint, I do not believe I have any moral right to write my name at the bottom of a letter in such a style that a stranger could not decipher it."

Now, the quoting at such length from these letters of A. N. Palmer's was done for a twofold purpose—to present his ideas in his own way of presenting them, and to give thereby a faithful picture of the man himself. Keen he is and analytical; fearless in giving voice to his well-digested convictions, and, withal, possessed of a hearty humor and a strict sense of fairness, which his friends recognize as dominant characteristics of the man.

This apostle of penmanship has made his subject a life study. There is not a phase of it, an angle from any point of view, that he has not given his attention. His schools in Cedar Rapids, Chicago, New York and Boston are graduating real teachers of real handwriting, who, in their turn, are making the United States a nation of legible writers. Credentials for teaching the "Palmer Method" are given only to those who are proficient themselves. "If you can't write my method, you can't teach it," says A. N. Palmer.

So far as appearance and activity are concerned, A. N. Palmer is still in the flower of youth. He doesn't show the years of struggle, of discouragement, which preceded his success. He is an enthusiast, and believes in great economic development to come after the war; being also firmly convinced that the use, rather than the abuse of penmanship, will be more appreciated than ever.

Junior Soldiers of the Soil

Continued from page 468

sometimes a slip; hard luck may visit these junior soldiers as well as their senior brothers. "Had an accident last week," wrote one boy. "Three of my five ducks were run over and killed by a train. I hope to make the other two pay for my note, and give me another start." And, instead of starting to worry about the loaned money that would be slow in returning, Mr. Hopkins wrote that boy a letter, told him to "buck up," and sent him one of Edgar Guest's poems, a verse of which goes like this:

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied:
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Which is the way Mr. Hopkins handles such contingencies.

In November, 1917, Mr. Meredith was called to Washington by Secretary McAdoo, as a member of the Excess Profits Advisory Board, but his broader national activities have not lessened his solicitude for the Junior Soldiers of the Soil. The interests of the organization are ably conserved by E. N. Hopkins, director of *Successful Farming's* Boys' and Girls' Club Department. Born and raised on a Minnesota farm, Mr. Hopkins is fully in sympathy with the work in

which he is engaged. With headquarters at Fort Smith, Arkansas, he spent four years in organizing agricultural and stock raising clubs among the boys and girls of the southern farms, and met with signal success.

A War-Time Convention

Continued from page 467

or externally, which means anything down to water, and suppose by virtue of my professional training and my studies in toxicology I am qualified to handle this situation and know what to do, but I tell the family the laws prohibit my doing it," and I said to Dr. Bevin, "what should that man do?" and he replied, "He should let that child die," and I said, "Why?" and he replied, "To teach the people of that community the limitations upon the right of that man to practice." You are up against those propositions.

"The prophecy is made that you, as far as this profession is concerned, will go the way of the homeopaths—you will have a chair of Osteopathy in the allopathic college.

"I am talking to you as pioneers. If you as pioneers do not exhibit the same spirit and determination and persistence as your forebears did, the same fate will happen that would have happened to your forebears had they quit in the valleys of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. If you do not get out of the trenches now and get into a position where you can get a vision so as to get a clear perspective, then the forces on the other side will destroy you. You are in the fight for the professional existence of Osteopathy.

"When we went before the House Committee on Military Affairs one of the first questions put to your committee by Mr. Gordon of Ohio, was: 'Doctor, I suppose if one of you chaps were sent out on the battle line and you found a fellow with his leg all mangled as the result of a wound, that you would manipulate it?' and Dr. Still said, 'We will probably manipulate to the same extent that the M.D. would give a pill.' That illustrates the profound ignorance of what we are driving at. You never can get by as long as you live the big problem of Osteopathy—educate, educate, educate, and fight. The fight must be dignified. You must see the vision and send out your scouts so that you may be guided by rational experience.

"You made a *prima facie* case before the committee. And if the committee did not have the opposition of that dignified, soft-voiced gentleman, the Surgeon General, and I say that without any disparagement, but by way of description, you would get by, but when the Surgeon General stands there in the dignity of his professional standing and says, 'The department is opposed to this measure,' then you are up against the spokesman of the body of people that are in control. You must get behind it by creating a barrage fire of public opinion thruout the country and into Washington. If you go back you are lost. In going ahead you will experience a professional enrichment and satisfaction that will be of wonderful value to you.

"I have now given you a concrete illustration of the situation in order that you may get a point of view. You must reorganize and dig in your toes and go after it persistently and fiercely, and I know you will prevail.

"I never met a rationally minded person who denied the right of the Osteopaths to practice. As a practical proposition you are altruists, but not realists. You are realists to Osteopathy, but in your own field and in dealing with the political field you are altruists. We have not reached the Utopian field. Human nature has not changed. Prejudice and selfishness work in, also bias, and you must combat it. You are up against a human situation."

War-saving thrift cards are the infantry of finance; it isn't the big guns that count most—every thrift card helps to win the war—shoot.

Let's Talk it Over

THE making and marketing of a book is a study in mental needs. My recent visit to France was inspired by the question: "What is it the American people want to know?" And the answer is, "The truth about our boys at the front." While my visit there was inspirational, it was writing about the visit on my return that made me enthusiastic. It seemed to me that I was the mouthpiece for the one million six hundred thousand American soldiers now on foreign soil, and that it was up to me to tell the folks at home how they felt. From one end of the battlefield to the other the gist of every message given me was: "We'll see it thru to the end," or, in other words, "We'll stick to the finish."

So many personal messages were given me to deliver to mothers and fathers, sweethearts and brothers, that the task involved would have been a physical impossibility. Therefore, to become a visitor at the family fireside, it was necessary that I combine the general trend of the messages given, into one, with the result that "We'll Stick to the Finish" was born. Today, the first edition of the book is exhausted, and we are busy preparing and revising a second. While the response from the publishers standpoint is great, and from an author's standpoint is greater, it is from the standpoint of the man, the humble American citizen, who wrote it, that it is greatest. It shows conclusively that the story told is the story that the American family wants to know, and, like "Heart Throbs," we feel that "We'll Stick to the Finish" will live, because it is the mouthpiece of the American soldier on the European battlefronts—and not the voice of one man.

NOT the least important business matter transacted at the annual convention of the American Osteopathic Association, recently held in Boston, was the unanimous passage of a resolution providing for the formation of a league of osteopathic patients and friends for the purpose of securing the services of osteopathic physicians for our enlisted men. It has already been abundantly proven that very many of the disablenents and injuries of these men on the fighting lines will yield only to properly administered osteopathic treatments. In fact, the rapid growth in popularity of this school of practice has been largely based upon the successful handling of conditions not previously amenable to the so-called "regular" or "old-school" methods.

It is estimated that several million intelligent and educated American citizens have received osteopathic care since the new school was established, and it is to these people that an appeal is to be made. Thousands of osteopathic patients have sons, brothers or husbands in the service, and the physical welfare of these men is naturally a matter pretty close to their hearts. Enlisted men cannot properly appeal for such osteopathic services without making themselves liable to discipline and thus the securing of these privileges for them devolves upon those remaining at home.

The osteopathic Service League is, therefore, to be organized among the laity, officered and controlled by laymen, with an advisory council of osteopathic physicians. The proposed dues are as follows:

Annual Membership . . .	\$1.00 per year
Associate Membership . .	5.00 per year
Active Membership	10.00 per year
Life Membership	100.00 (one paym't)

All osteopathic physicians are invited to assist in the work of organization, and can furnish further details of the movement.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 441

Secretary of War, an office in which he evinced his initiative and genius for organization by reconstructing the Bolivian Army and laying the foundation for its present efficiency and fine

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spirit. When the dispute with Brazil over the Acre territory grew acute, he laid down his portfolio and headed the troops sent into that section to defend its integrity. Some time thereafter he was promoted to the rank of General. Upon the close of General Pando's term as President, the people of Bolivia turned to Ismael Montes as the man to continue the broad and enlightened policies inaugurated by that great leader, and in 1904 elected him to the highest office in the country.

"El Gran Presidente" the people of Bolivia call him, and he has well merited the distinction. Perhaps his greatest work has been in the development of the wealth and resources of his country thru the introduction of modern railway systems in a section of the world that, because of its mountainous character, offers tremendous difficulties to the construction of such means of transportation. Nothing daunted the President of Bolivia, however, and he succeeded in interesting foreign capital to such an extent that the railroad development of Bolivia during the past few years has been marvelous. In addition to his remarkable work in this line, he put new life and energy into many other national activities. He fostered education, inaugurated the education

of women, encouraged the establishment of educational institutions for the native Indian population, founded academies for teaching music, reorganized the army, and led his country into the full light of modern progress in many other ways.

Upon the termination of his first term, his successor appointed him envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain and France, and in the diplomatic field his talents made him an influential and prominent figure. Upon his return to his country the people, remembering his great services during his first term, called him to the presidential chair again. It was during his incumbency of the office that the European war broke out, and when the United States was finally driven into the great struggle, President Montes was one of the first South American executives to boldly take his stand by the side of the great North American republic. He not only voiced the sentiments of his people in proclaiming their allegiance to the principles of democracy and their sympathy with the Allies in the conflict, but he promptly severed diplomatic relations with the imperial German government. Some time thereafter the French government conferred upon him the signal honor of making him a grand officer of the Legion



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of Honor, and an assured and enthusiastic welcome awaits "El Gran Presidente" when he reaches the shores of France. That the people of the United States have shown their appreciation of the bold and fearless leader of Bolivian democracy goes without saying.

People it Pays to Know

Continued from page 469

Because of this, I have hesitated to use it in connection with Henry Malkan, altho, if any man does possess that attribute, Malkan has a right to it because of his remarkable ability for getting there just a little bit ahead of the other fellow. In fact, he has out-distanced so many of his competitors that it may be truly said of him, as Kipling said:

They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweatin' and stealin',
A year and a half behind.

¶ Malkan's vision, perhaps, is more or less the happy faculty of associating himself with men

who are, themselves, gifted with foresight. This association not only keeps him in touch with present conditions, but just a little bit ahead of them. For instance, some time before America entered into the world struggle, Malkan realized that she would enter, and that, to fit her for that place she must occupy, the men of the nation would need a preparatory military education. To think is to act with Henry. He immediately put himself in touch with authorities, learned what books would be the most necessary and at the same time most helpful; secured copyrights on them and organized the Military Publishing Company. There are many other military publishing companies in the country, but Malkan's is largest simply because he did it first. Today he has associated with him as chief of his editorial staff, a former West Point tactician and author of many notable and authoritative warfare treatises, Major Edward S. Farrow.

The motto of the Military Publishing Company is "Patriotism"—patriotism founded on conscience and not on war profit. A very small margin is all that the Company allows itself, and this is so because Malkan would not permit it to be otherwise; he abhors profiteering. In fact,

he permits no book to bear his imprint until he is convinced that it is what it purports to be—a winning-the-war aid, that will do its part toward downing the Hun and making the American soldier as efficient as possible, while affording him the utmost protection thru accurate knowledge.

When you gaze into the kindly eyes which beam at you thru a large pair of tortoise-rimmed spectacles, you are instantly drawn to the man, and feel that you are not making a new acquaintance, but rather cementing an old friendship. That this is so lies in the interest that Henry Malkan takes in every man he meets—not the speculative interest of the tradesman, who, as he grips your hand, wonders what you can do for him, but the sincere, heart interest of one who thinks: "What can I do for you?" and means it. This, perhaps, more than anything else, greater than his vision, is the secret of Malkan's rise from a newsboy to an influential business man, a power in his circle and a friend worth cultivating. A keen business man, alive to the possibilities of trade; quick to catch the advantage of a business proposition, I firmly believe that Mr. Malkan owes more to his instantaneous power for making friends than to his business sense.

Six feet tall, weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, Malkan is big physically; but when I saw him, felt the kindly interest behind those eyes, the incongruous thought came to me: "Here is a man whose heart weighs more than any other part of him." This was emphasized by what I knew of his home life. To see a man at his place of business is to see that angle of him which he offers to the view of the world. To see him at home is to see the man.

We were walking together down the street of a little Jersey city, when a bright-faced, black-haired, white-clad figure of five came running down to meet us, and, with an exclamation of joy, cried: "Hello, daddy!" It was the work of an instant for the big man to sweep the little figure in his arms and perch him on his shoulder, and without losing any of his bigness thru this touch of sentimentality, murmur caressing little endearments to the boy, to be followed almost immediately afterward by the query: "How is mama-love?" Rather inane, perhaps, this may sound or look in cold type, but had you heard the expression, the feeling that went into that query, you would have realized what this man's home life means to him. "Mama-love" is Mrs. Malkan, and "mama-love" she is to him, every time he has cause to mention her—which is frequent.

The Malkans are as different in characteristics as the two poles, and because of this, because each is a perfect foil for the other, their home life is ideal. Little arguments which at times arise, friendly arguments, are the needed stimulus to an added interest in each other, which is so necessary to that complete happiness and satisfaction in marital existence.

To sum it all up—to account for the success of this man—to understand the reason for his being what he is, it is only necessary to know his motto. In his case, the Shakespearian admonition.

This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

At home, in the office, among friends or with strangers, this man is always the same—true to himself. And this one line of conduct for all, gives him that indefinable charm of personality which is the master key opening the door of the world's regard.

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